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THE PIERIAN



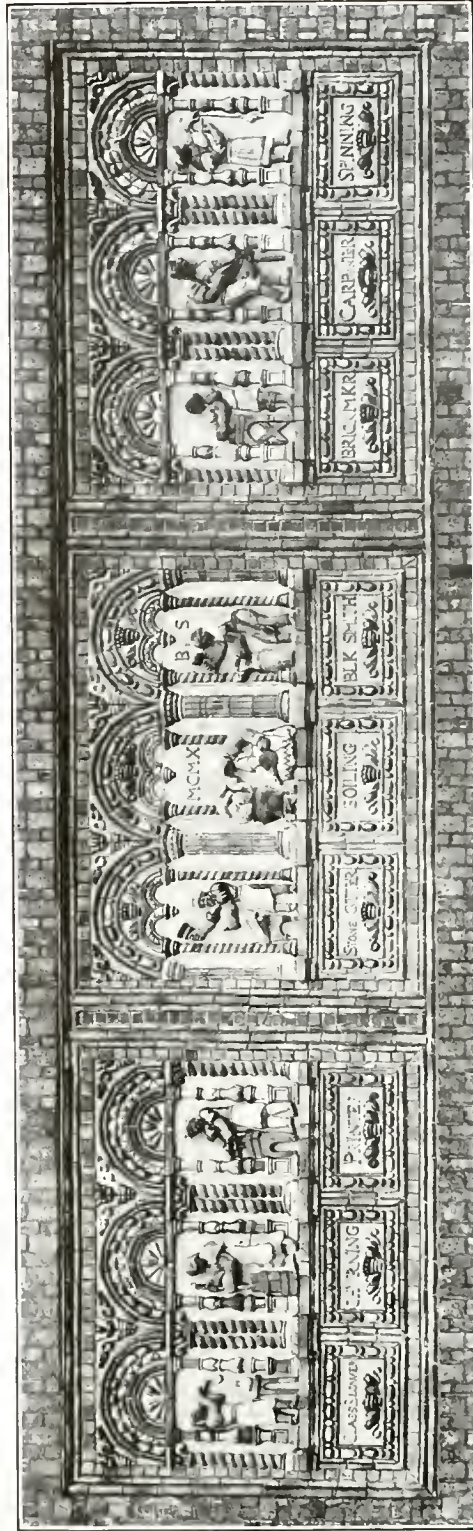




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DECORATIVE PANEL

MR. HENRY MERCER, Doylestown, Pa.

The Hierian

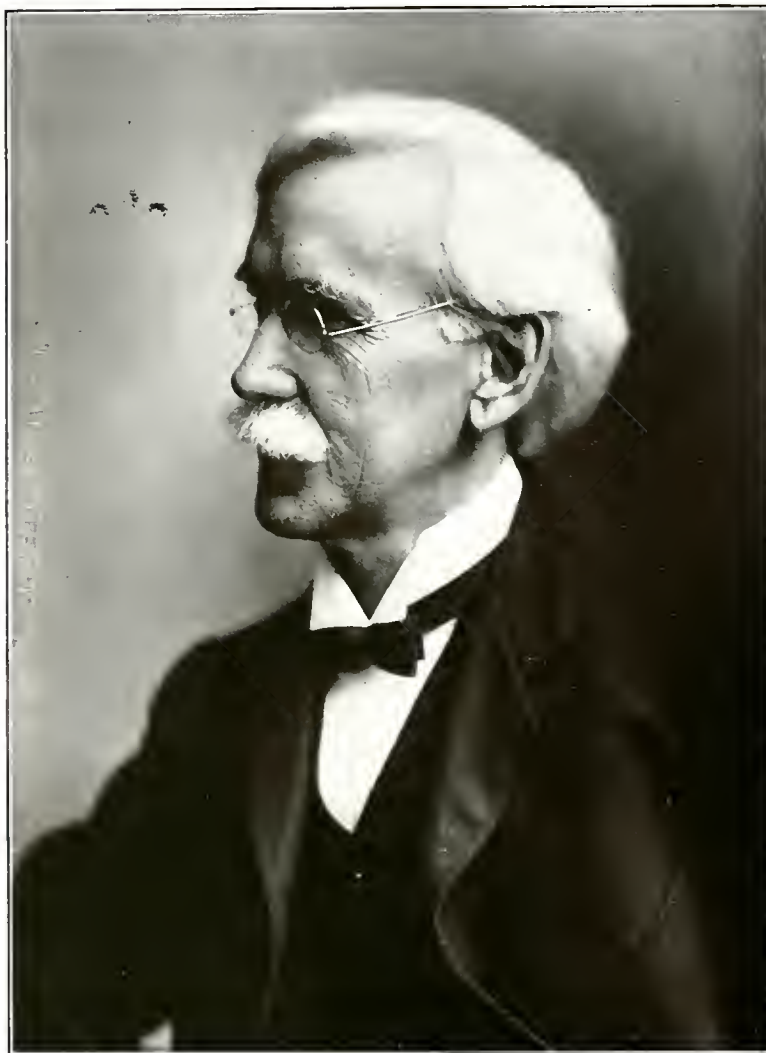


Richmond High School

1914

Nineteen Fourteen

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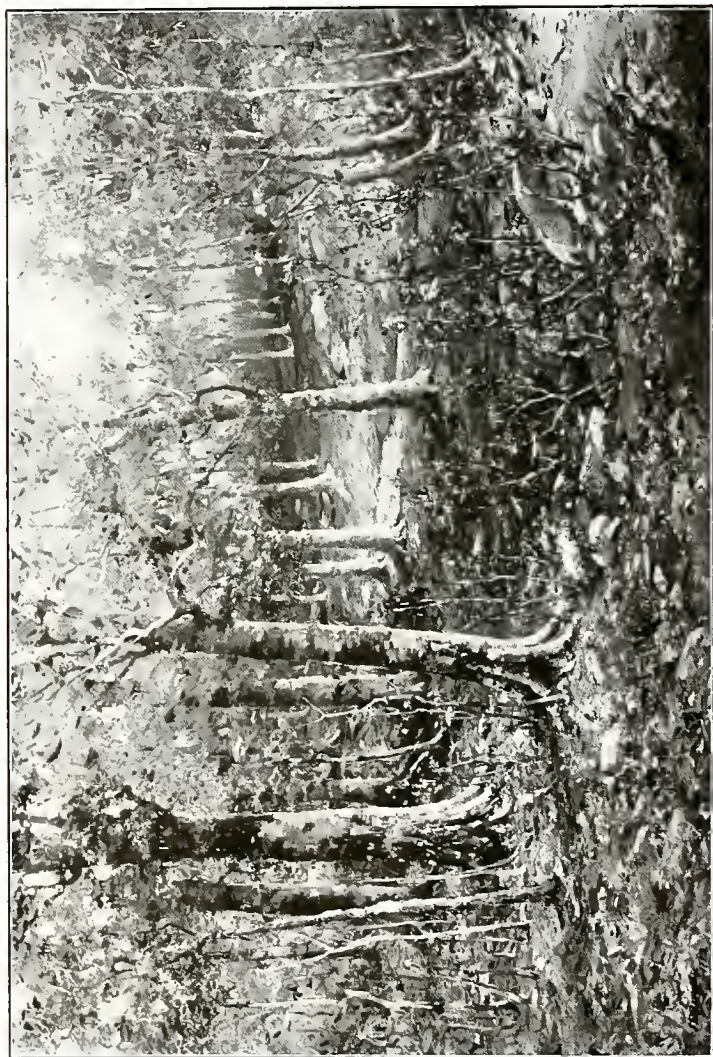
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To

John Elwood Bundy

our beloved Richmond artist

whose pictures have been a
source of inspiration to us
since the days of our A B C's



By J. E. BUNDY

WOODLAND

A Senior's Farewell

OUR high school days are ended,
Our lessons and tasks are done;
We are glad and yet we are sorry,
But we're proud of the honors we've won.
Today we're beginning a new life,
Leaving behind us the old;
We commence our struggle with fortune
With hearts that are brave and bold.

Sometimes the way seemed dreary,
It was not always strewn with flowers;
Then sometimes the sun shone as brightly,
As it does after April showers.
And thus we have trod the pathway
Mid sunshine and rain for four years;
We're glad, yet sorry, we're leaving,
And our smiles are mingled with tears.

Now those days are all over,
With all their sorrows and joys;
We are now young men and women,
No longer just girls and boys.
We had always had some one to help us,
We now on ourselves must depend;
We must not be overwhelmed with troubles
But fight bravely until the end.

Now this day is the last one,
For us in the school so dear;
Let us put on smiling faces
And for R. H. S. give a cheer.
Then silently and with hearts saddened,
And with diplomas in our hand,
Walk bravely out into the world,
To join the busy band.

MARJORIE R. MORGAN, '14.



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PIERIA was the mythical home of the Muses who met at the summit of Mount Olympus and inspired man to write and dance and sing. There was the sage muse of history, the lyric muse with her tuneful lyre, and the laughing muse of comedy. It was not so long ago that they met as of old and sent their inspiration to a "little red school-house" in Richmond. So keen was their influence that genius and "midnight oil" burned at many a student's evening desk. The willing teachers were always ready with correction and suggestion so that the work was completed and put in this book named in honor of the ancient Pierides.

We wish to thank each contributor and each faculty member who worked for the 1914 PIERIAN, and we hope it will bring back to you the good times of the past year in two senses of the word. May it, like the sun-dial in the story-book,

"Mark only the hours that shine" in your memory.

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Curator of Art Gallery and
Assistant Librarian.

Halt the march! A comrade's fallen!
Gently lift him from the ground.
Bring the shroud! The rulers lower!
Let the muffled drum-beats sound.



Forward, march! How soon the summons
Calls us to the waiting strife!
But we're stronger, nobler, tender,
For the thought of one brave life.

A. L. F.

An Appreciation

ALICE TEST, eldest daughter of the late Reverend Zaccheus Test, M.A., M.D., and Elizabeth (Pray) Test, was born in Richmond, Indiana, December 2, 1861. After several weeks of severe illness, she "fell asleep in Jesus" March 19, 1914.

Miss Test was a graduate of the State Normal School at Terre Haute, and also received the degrees of A.B. and A.M. from the Indiana State University. In addition to these honors, Miss Test enjoyed the distinction of being elected to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity, because of her scholarship. For about thirty-one years she was engaged in teaching—four years of that period in the Fairmount Academy, Fairmount, Indiana, and about one and one-half years in the Richmond High School, teaching Latin and German, after fifteen years of the same work in the Garfield School.

Self-forgetfulness and thoroughness were highly developed marks of Miss Test's character. Whatever she undertook to do, whether in the home, or in the school, or in the Church, which she loved with a wholesouled and pre-eminently intelligent love, she did with a sweet forgetfulness of self, not consulting her own comfort, far less to enhance her own glory, but with an eye to the greatest good to all. This inborn forgetfulness of self ripened into perfection, as nearly as perfection is possible to human nature, during the last few years of her life. Those years witnessed the most heroic struggle of her entire career. Conscious of being seized with an ailment which she knew meant untold suffering, yet never a word of complaint passed her lips, nor a display of impatience marred the serenity of her inmost soul. And best of all, her implicit and childlike faith in God and the redeeming work of the Lord Jesus Christ was never shaken by her sufferings. Indeed, this unshaken faith was the secret power which sustained her in her struggle, and enabled her to win such a glorious victory.

Volumes could be written describing the real worth of such a character as this, but the writer of this "Appreciation" must conclude by saying that the world has been richer than it otherwise would have been for having had Miss Test in it, and by urging all who have been her pupils from time to time to strive to emulate her in these three particulars, namely, her self-forgetfulness, her thoroughness, and, above all, her implicit faith in God, which was the mainspring of her splendid career.

REV. JOHN S. LIGHTBOURN,
St. Paul's Episcopal Church.



Hail to the R. H. S.

FLAG of our school-days that waves high above us,
Thou art a beacon bright leading to fame.
Ever we'll praise thee in song and in story,
Ever and ever we'll honor thy name.

Onward still lead us, victorious emblem,
Loyal to our standard fair ever we'll be.
Float on before us and guide and protect us;
Loud be the praises we sing unto thee!

REFRAIN:

Up with the banner bright,
Hail to the red and white!
Wave it aloft with its broad folds unfurled,
Far to the East and West,
Hail to the R. H. S.
Hail to the R. H. S. all 'round the world!

JESSIE SANDS, '08.



OUR BABIES





Little Ducks in a Big Puddle

A FABLE.

ONCE upon a time in the cold month of January, when some little ducks went to a big puddle, they bade all the little ducklings goodbye, for they were the elder brothers and were looked up to by the little ones. They were sorry to leave because they thought they would rather be "Big Ducks in a Little Puddle" than "Little Ducks in a Big Puddle."

When they first reached the pond it looked so tremendously large that they were afraid to venture in. When the ducks first saw them, they thought them so horribly ugly that they made all manner of fun of them.

They were very timid at first but after a short time one after another would make a splash in school life, by substituting on a "Sophomore Basket Ball Team," playing in the Orchestra, or in many other ways in which little ducks can make a showing. In this way the new ducks became acquainted with the old ones. Although they were still little and insignificant, they swam all around the pond just as the big ones did.

Time passed by and the little ducks grew larger and larger and larger. The big ducks did not make as much fun of them as they had done at first. Sometimes they even swam with them and invited them to their social gatherings. They seemed to praise them instead of scorn them, and when four years had passed they were the big ducks and looked up to by the ducks that came in later.

When the time drew near for them to leave, they found that they were the most beautiful swans that had ever been in that puddle.

LOUISE MATHER, '18.



Our All-Freshman Page

A FRESHIE'S FIRST "BID."

DING, aling, aling!

"Oh, I'll answer it, mother."

"Hello! Hello!"

"Hello! Is this you, Mildred? This is Billy. Why ——"

"Oh, yes; what was it you wanted,—that algebra you couldn't get?"

"No, no; I—oh—will you go to the skate with me Friday night?"

"Oh-uh, oh-uh, well-er, wait just a minute. I'll have to ask mother."

"All right." (To the boys) "Quit poking me; can't you simps leave a fellow alone?"

"Hello! Why-er-yes, mother says I may go if we go down and come back on the car. How late will it last?"

"Till ten, I guess."

(The Boys—"And then you'll go to Finneys, won't you, Bill?")

"Oh, mother says I must be home at nine."

"Well, alright." (Aside) "Oh, shucks!"

"You'll be sure to come after me, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, sure." (Aside) "What does she think I am."

"Alright, goodbye; I'll see you in school tomorrow."

"Goodbye."

Mildred—"Mother, oh, mother, what shall I wear? My new dress? Oh, goodness, I hope I won't fall down. It'll be just my luck. Oh, isch-ge-bibble! How shall I comb my hair, mother? I shall have to wear my heavy-soled shoes, won't I? Oh, mother, what all shall I talk about going down? Why mother, why do you suppose he asked *me*?"

HILDA TIFFANY, '15.



THE 1918 OPPORTUNITY

Oh! I am just a Freshman, don't you see?
And thus you can't expect so much from me!
But if you give me only half a chance,
Why then, though now I lack those grand long pants,
I'll make a record up among the best
Of scholars in our dear old R. H. S.

MARVIN PICKETT, '18.



A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head,
And settled down to drill,
He bored away for half a day,
And finally broke his bill.—*Er.*



FRESHMEN

Fred Watts
1914



The Song of the Freshies

WE FRESHIES are a poor, sad lot ;
We lead a weary life,
For every day throughout the year
We meet with naught but strife.

In Algebra our trials begin,
We don't know every rule,
And, so to get them down quite "pat"
We stay till after school.

In English, too, our trials come,
It seems we try away,
But though we try we can not learn
Quotations long to say.

And next we meet our troubles dire,
In tongues of foreign nations ;
We just can't learn how to decline
Or get our conjugations.

And then in Botany at last
Our teachers do get cross,
For when it comes to naming trees
We surely are at loss.

Before us lie three years of work ;
We'll have to study some
To get the necessary grades ;
We'll make this old school "hum."

We'll study very hard, you know,
And strict attention pay ;
We'll have no time for writing notes,
Or other kind of play.

We're very ignorant just now,
But, people—think a minute !
To have a High School, it always
Takes Freshies to begin it.

ELIZABETH McLAUGHLIN, '18.

Just a Freshie's Luck

"MANDALIS, wash dat mummy case."

Amanda Alice timidly gathered up her bucket and towels and crept towards the mysterious Egyptian box. She and her mother and aunt were trying to overcome their superstitions and give the Roseland museum a good cleaning.

"Youall dust dat er elephant," Sarah Jane, now in command, continued, pointing toward the mastodon with a trembling finger.

"Sarah Jane, you knows I can't reach dat er elephant to no good extent, bein's I'se so short," protested Aunt Becky, indignantly.

"Dah's de step-laddah," Sarah Jane answered complacently.

"Dat er step-laddah ain't gwine beah my weight. I'se gwine dust dem high-toned birds. De elephant am a good job for a tall, slim niggah like yo'self."

But Sarah Jane edged over toward a harmless spinning wheel.

Just then the door opened with a prolonged creak. Mandalis dropped her bucket with a splash and a shriek, the older women turned wide-eyed,—a suppressed giggle was heard from behind one of the cases,—and the Professor of Biology entered.

"This work is not progressing rapidly, ladies. You will please finish this work entirely this evening,"—and with this curt command he left the room.

"Y-yessah," Aunt Becky stammered after him.

A few moments later, Betty and Bobs, Freshmen, might have been sprawling on one of the cement seats in front of the museum, in a paroxysm of laughter.

"They'll have to dust the skeletons, and after night, too," exploded Bobs.

"Let's scare 'em," suggested Betty, sobering.

"Oh, yes, let's! Seniors are always playing pranks, and they all turn out beautifully. Why should a Freshman be so perfectly good? Eee!" as a bright idea struck her, "I have a great scheme. Come to my room as soon as you can and I'll tell you all about it. There's the bell,"—and in her breezy way she hurried off leaving Betty speechless.

The same night Betty and Bobs attired in very spooky looking sheets entered the more spooky looking museum, and marched bravely through the aisles of the dead to the skeleton room where the darkies were working. In accordance with Betty's carefully worked out plan, each took her place noiselessly behind a skeleton and—groaned.

The three darkies turned as if controlled by clock-work, and gazed open-mouthed at the "ghosts." Then "Mandalis" gave a screech and hid her face in Aunt Becky's skirts.

Aunt Becky's eyes grew larger and larger and her face paler and paler, but Sarah Jane, mirabile dictu advanced toward the sheeted figures and in a voice, almost quaverless demanded:

"Youall ghosts, I-leave dis year place."

Here was an unexpected state of affairs, and the "ghosts," somewhat startled, took a step or two backward. Aunt Sarah, encouraged by their retreat, started after them.

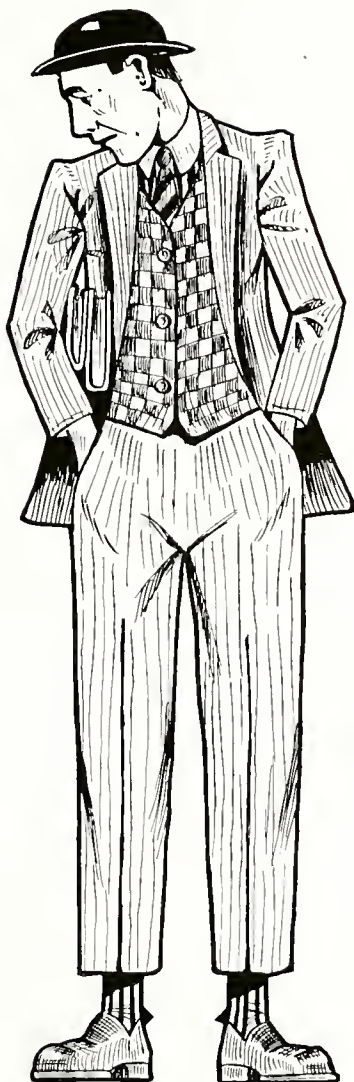
The bewildered Freshmen fled from the building and across the moonlit campus toward the nearby cemetery. Sarah Jane kept up her pursuit until they neared the cemetery fence. Then, terrified herself, she fled toward the museum even swifter than she had left it.

The two disheveled, panting ghosts leaned against the cemetery fence.

"Of all un-seniorly occurrences," moaned Bobs.

"Cheer up," returned Betty, "this is just Freshman's luck," and they made their weary way toward the dark dorm.

MARY ST. JOHN, '14.



Fred Watts
1914

SOPHOMORES





The Class of 1916

Sophomores, Sophomores, can't you guess?
We're the pride of the R. H. S.

ONE of the greatest honors which the school has ever had bestowed upon it, was in the fall of 1912, when there came a new throng of "Freshies," destined to be the greatest class in the school's history.

During our first two or three days we were very verdant, but even then not nearly as "green" as the "freshest" class which had ever entered before. After those days we quickly "got on" to the school customs and you see that we now know as much as the upper classmen.

We immediately began to join the school activities until now there is hardly any organization in which we are not well represented; in fact, we have a member on the Board of Control.

Since we are not yet half way through school and are participants in almost every branch of it, we think that we are very important, for at that rate, when we are Seniors we will be the only important class in the school, practically in charge of everything.

All that we have already done has been without class organization, so doesn't that show what we can do in the future with organization?

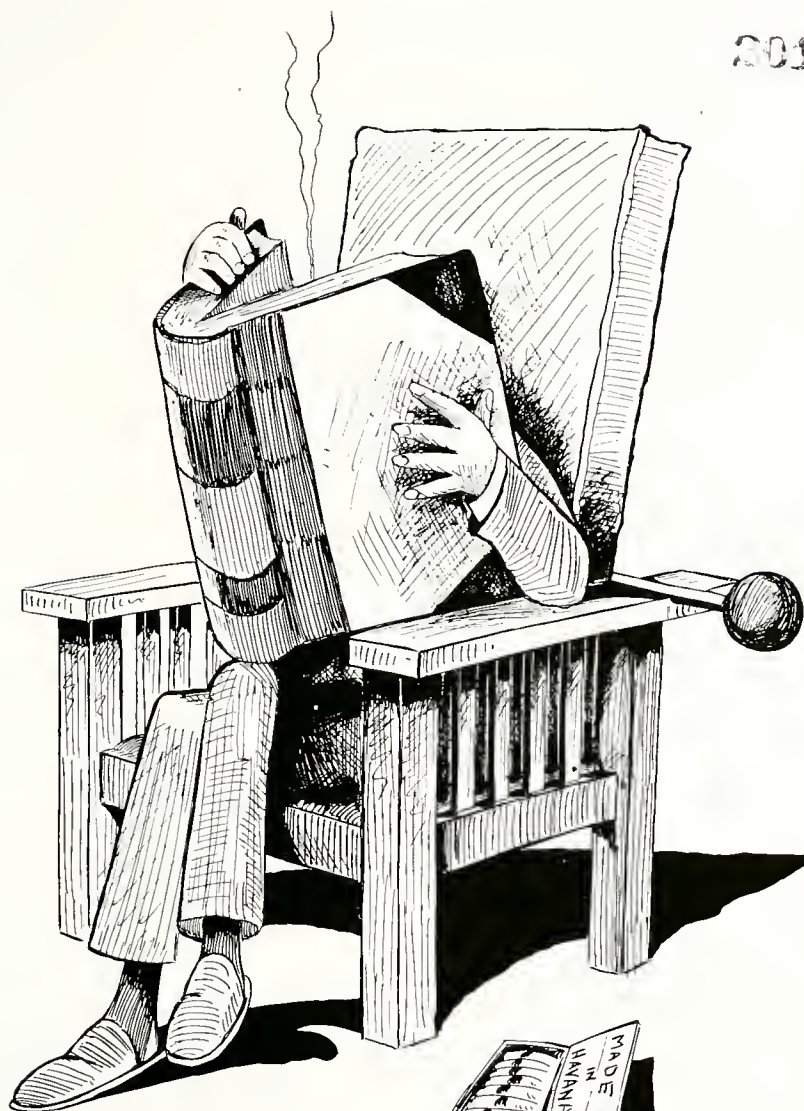
We are also holding our own in athletics. In fact, in last year's track meet, we were the class that gave the present Seniors the greatest scare. This season, several Sophomores were on the basketball squad and next year much of the team's success will depend upon such men as our Kinder, Murphy, Porter, and Kampe. We will be similarly represented in other athletics.

Considering these things, is it any wonder why the "Freshies" watch us with respect and that the Seniors look upon us with awe?

RHEA SWISHER, '17.

Sophomore is derived from two Greek words, meaning wise and silly, as if in allusion to the exaggerated opinion which students at this age are apt to have of their wisdom.—*Century Dictionary*.

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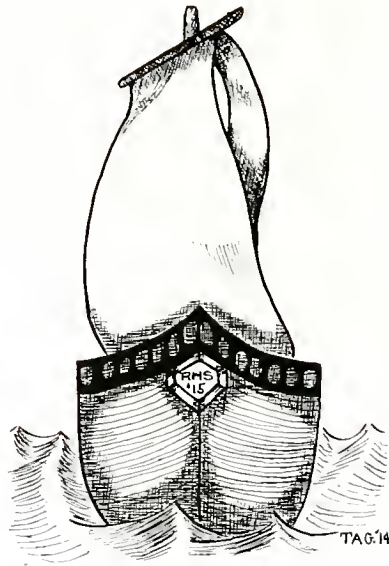
FRED
WATTS
114



J
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THOU too, Sail on, O Junior Class!
 Each stalwart youth and winsome lass
 Makes thee a well perfected whole,
 To sail undaunted to thy goal.
 The R. H. S. with all its seers
 Is watching all thy hopes and fears.
 We know who planned the Junior Skates
 Where thy fond sons were short of dates:
 We bear in mind that fine hay-ride,
 The wagon piled from side to side.
 Ye know what teachers cram thy head:
 What studies keep thee out of bed;
 Who makes thy interest disappear:
 Who helps to shape thy mad career.
 Fear not each zero and each C
 Fear not, the worst is yet to be—
 In spite of teachers' frown and roar,
 For soon thy troubles will be o'er.
 Sail on, O class of brave '15!
 A nobler class was never seen!
 Thy heads, thy ponies, and thy notes
 Will help to sail thy little boats.
 Rah! Rah! '15! Rah! Rah! '15!

KENT LEMON, '15.

SENIORS





FOUR years have come and gone, since we entered this, our beloved High School, as simple little Freshmen, fresh from the grades. We found here a new atmosphere and a hearty welcome. The faculty received us with outstretched arms and has watched over our failures and our successes with unceasing, untiring interest. We cannot now fully realize the important influences which our teachers in the various lines of work have exercised over us, but as we broaden out into the many branches of our future vocations, we cannot help but understand, and feel grateful to them for their kind assistance in these four so valuable years of our lives.

Our life within these walls have not been all study and work, for we have been active in fostering a social element which has proved most successful in drawing the members of our class closer together as a unit. At our "spreads" and "skates" we have become acquainted not only with one another, but with our teachers and with the members of the other classes, in a way that we can never forget.

We have improved our dramatic talents on several occasions by appearing in plays, presented in our building, and in this, our Senior year, we have given to the public and to our fellow students two performances worthy of some note.

A large number of our class have been members of the High School Orchestra throughout their entire course, and it is indeed with regret that they take leave of that splendid organization, which has been so great a source of pleasure and benefit to them.

It is only as we think of these various phases of our past work here that we comprehend the advantages we have had and we are thankful that we have seized upon the wonderful opportunities for development and growth which have been ours in the past four years.

HELEN KENWORTHY, '14.



HORATIO LAND—Commercial Course.

President of the Senior Class, Managing Editor of the *Cynosure*, Dramatic Society '13, Spring Festival '13, College Club '12.

"Fat" is our worthy class president, with a sound fund of good humor and good sense.



FLORENCE PORTER—Academic Course.

Vice-President of the Senior Class, President of the G. A. A., Dramatic Society, Pedestrian Club, "Fanny and the Servant Problem," *PIERIAN* Staff '14.

Florence is an all-round girl,
She's in for work and fun;
To say that she is fond of Red,
Wud be a feeble pun.



RUTH SHERA—Academic Course.

Secretary of the Senior Class, *Cynosure* Staff '14, Dramatic Society, Pedestrian Club, "Everyman," G. A. A., "Fanny and the Servant Problem," "Betty Wales Girls and Mr. Kidd."

Nothing could curb Ruth's bubbling love of fun. Her coy smiles have captured two sturdy Seniors and she is still at it.



CLEM FERGUSON—Industrial Arts.

President of Wireless Club '12, '13, Track '13, Treasurer of Senior Class, *PIERIAN* '13, Assistant Editor of *PIERIAN* '14.

Clem, the "Old Reliable," doesn't make much bluster, but he is "Johnny on the spot" every time.



ELIZABETH STARR—Commercial Course.

We have heard of people hitching their wagon to a "star," but Elizabeth, taking her name for a slogan, has been working among the Starrs since February.



PAULINE FOSTER—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society.

Pauline to the Bunch: "I just cudn't have a case on Rolland if you didn't want me to, you kno, girls."



LAWRENCE JESSUP—Commercial Course.

President Dramatic Society, "Fanny and the Servant Problem," PIERIAN Staff '14.

"Shorty" is such a star actor that he can serve sausages in overalls and tea in a dress suit with equal self-possession and "bring down the house" every time.



KATHRYN BRODERICK—Commercial Course.

Dramatic Society, "Fanny and the Servant Problem."

So here's a bit o' blarney
For mavouneen, Kathryn;
It's the wearin' of those handsome eyes,
That draws the laddies in.



FRED LOHMAN—Commercial Course.

Orchestra, "Creation" Orchestra.

"Without no overpowerin' sense of his uncommon consequence."



MARY CANBY—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society, "Everyman," "Fanny and the Servant Problem," PIERIAN Staff '14.

We see Mary in the misty future running out before the footlights to bow once more over her roses to the applauding audience.



ELSIE BULLERDICK—Commercial Course.

Elsie spends her spare hours painting rose-buds and gold bands on tea-cups and salt shakers.



KIRK BLY—Commercial Course.

Dramatic Society '13, '14, "Fanny and the Servant Problem," Junior President of '14 Class, Fall Festival '10, Basketball League '11.

Kirk's ample fund of brains will assure his "making good" if he isn't persuaded by the fair sex to play the "Butterflyman."



NORVELLA DODDRIDGE—

Norvella is a regular subscriber for *Elite de Style*. That accounts for the mystery of a coiffure and is the secret of her early romance.



RUDOLPH PRICE—Academic Course.

Rudolph has the admirable faculty of expressing his convictions in such ample flow of vocabulary as to make his contemporaries blink at the magnitude of his mental capacity.



FLORENCE KAMPE—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society, "Fanny and the Servant Problem," Pedestrian Club.

"April, April,
Laugh your girlish laughter;
And the moment after
Weep your girlish tears."



GENEVIEVE KAMP—

Dramatic Society, Secretary of Board of Control '13, Vice-President G. A. A. '13, Pedestrian Club, Secretary '12-13.

"Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla."



STANLEY EIKENBERRY—Industrial Arts.

College Club '13.

"Plain hoss-sense in poetry-writin'
Would jes' knock sentiment a-kitin'."



ISABELLE CRABB—Academic Course.

Orchestra, Dramatic Society, Pedestrian Club.

Even if "Jzzie" does get mad when she plays basketball and sits on her unhappy victim for punishment, she has been a staunch help in keeping the "never-defeated" record of the Senior team.



FLOYD DODDRIDGE—Commercial Course.

Floyd seems a "good sort" if he would only let us know him.



MARY ST. JOHN—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society, "Fanny and the Servant Problem," "Roman Wedding," Debating, Orchestra.

When Mary has that "far away" look in her dreamy eyes she is thinking of a brown bungalow set far back in an orange grove in sunny California.



ELIZABETH MARVEL—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society '14, "Fanny and the Servant Problem," Secretary G. A. A. '12, '13, PIERIAN Staff '13, Historian Club '13.

"Peggy" loves boys and books and base-drums. She hopes to be a society butterfly and end it all like the story-books.



WARREN MERANDA—Industrial Course.

Baseball '12, '14, Captain '13, Basketball '12, '13, '14.

We all know Warren likes the girls, but the only trouble is he gets red in the face and can't talk when any of the fair sex are around.



MARIE KAUFMAN—Academic Course.

President of the Pedestrian Club '14, "Betty Wales Girls and Mr. Kidd," PIERIAN Staff '13, '14, Vice-President of G. A. A. '12.

"She's in for every kind of play,

As you can see;

Of tennis, base and basketball

She's fond as she can be."—*G. A. A. Song.*



IRVIN FOX—Commercial Course.

Irvin aspires to become a moving picture operator as is attested to by the way he operated the machine for the Senior class.



ESTELLA THOMAS—Commercial Course.

Pedestrian Club.

"Dot" doesn't use simplified spelling as a usual thing, but she is thinking of dropping three letters from her name and calling it Tom.



PAULINE ESSENMACHER—Commercial Course.

Pedestrian Club '11, '12.

Pauline dotes on "digging to the bottom of things," but that seems natural for her when we know the flowers she bestows upon her teachers come from her father's greenhouse.



ROLLAND BALL—Commercial Course.

Editor of *Cynosure*, Orchestra, College Club '10.

A roll of manuscript, flying coat-tails, and a cloud of dust. It is only Rolland in pursuit of news for the *Cynosure*.



WILBUR BALL—Industrial Course.

Basketball '12, '13, '14, Baseball '14, *Cynosure* Staff '14, Sergeant of Junior Class.

Although "Wib" has an aversion for white hats with tango trimming, he wouldn't let Martha know it.



ESTHER COATE—Academic Course.

PIERIAN Staff '14, "Fanny and the Servant Problem."

"Oh! The Little Lady's dainty,
As the picture in a book.
And her hands are creamy—whiter
Than the water-lilies look."—Riley.



FRED PICKETT—Academic Course.

Fred early learned the ancient maxim, "Silence is golden," and hopes to be a millionaire by faithful practice.



ANNA NICHOLSON—Academic Course.

Pedestrian Club, PIERIAN Staff '14.

There's a cheery young lady named Ann,
Who bluffs it as much as she can;
Ed asks for a date,
Every night till quite late,
What girl cud turn down such a man?



ERNEST PARKS—Commercial Course.

Orchestra, PIERIAN Staff '14.

Ernest is a dandy good fellow, good fun and indispensable on the PIERIAN Staff.



GERTRUDE RHODENBURG—Commercial Course.

Horse-back riding is Gertrude's chief joy. She began in her early days with a dappled hobby and expects to develop into a genuine sportswoman.



RUSSELL STOUT—Industrial Arts.

Sergeant-at-Arms of Dramatic Society, PIERIAN '13,
"Fanny and the Servant Problem."

Russell is a very model of propriety and only indulges in a mild romp with the Curator of the art gallery on rare occasions.



RHEA ACKERMAN—Academic Course.

Pedestrian Club.

Rhea is a good example of the old adage, "Still water runs deep."



HELEN KENWORTHY—Industrial Arts Course.

Secretary and Treasurer Dramatic Society, PIERIAN Staff '14, "Fanny and the Servant Problem."

The very fact that Helen told us she was taking the "Household Arts" Course lets us see through the Gates of her future.



HERBERT THOMPSON—Commercial Course.

Advertising Manager of the *Cynosure*, Assistant Manager of the Glee Club, College Club '12.

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth (?),
I never spent an hour's talk withal."



GERTRUDE CLARK—Commercial Course.

Gertrude is one of the few girls who can manage a thrifty little home and do her school-work as well.



GILBERT EPPS—Industrial Arts Course.

Orchestra, "Creation" Orchestra, Wireless Club '12, '13.

Gilbert is such a gifted drummer we expect him to be heard in the world.



EDITH SCHNELLE—Commercial Course.

Der man vot Edith dinks iss vine,
Iss dutcher dan der kraut,
His name iss Selig, yet, so soon,
Wenn du muss find it oudt.



MARY CLEMENTS—Academic Course.

Pedestrian Club, PIERIAN Staff '10.

"A pity she should older grow,
And end her dancing days,
That she should not forever go
To concerts, balls and plays."



ROBERT SCHUERMAN—Commercial Course.

The only trouble with "Bob" is that he will wake up some day and find he has graduated.



LETA ROLAND—Academic Course.

Orchestra, Dramatic Society, Pedestrian Club '11,
"Fanny and the Servant Problem."

"Jill's" chief enjoyment is to play "Dream Days" on her violin, and feed fudge from a spoon to a very appreciative victim.



HILBERT OREBAUGH—Industrial Arts.

Baseball '13, '14, Basketball '14.

"The whining school-boy with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school."



DOROTHY LAND—Academic Course.

"Dot" plays Bach and Mozart and Chopin, but she sings "Jus" love songs.



MABEL REIFEL—Commercial Course.

We can already see Mabel as the model stenographer, in a trim shirt waist, doing her work rapidly and well.



RICHARD BREHM—Commercial Course.

"Zip's" power to talk on any subject is only exceeded by the size of his feet.



IRENE GORMAN—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society, "Fanny and the Servant Problem."

Although Irene likes any kind of weather, anywhere, yet she seems particularly fond of Rains in Richmond.



WILSON TAGGART—Commercial Course.

Marshal, College Club '12, Vice-President Board of Control '11 and '12, PIERIAN Staff '13, Circulation Manager PIERIAN '14.

If you don't believe that it is work collecting annual dues, ask "Tag."



BLANCHE PLUMMER—Academic Course.

You will think Blanche is hardly a music critic when we tell you her favorite song is the old college yell, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here."



VERA DAILY—Academic Course.

Pedestrian Club, "The Betty Wales Girls and Mr. Kidd."

"—the sun-shine, I declare,
Is but a golden jealousy awakened by her hair!"



WILLARD KAUFMAN—Industrial Arts.

"It was 'Kauffie,' so some Senior wrote,
Who, dining, one day table d'hote,
Ordered soup-boné, au fait
And fish papier-maché,
And filét of Spring Overcoat."



LAURA BROWN—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society, Secretary of Classic Club '13,
"Roman Wedding."

Laura seems to have come from one of those quaint gardens where timid maids in mits cut tea roses in a basket. She has the Common swain to complete the picture.



BURRELL MCKEE—Academic Course.

Orchestra '12, '13, Baseball '13, Basketball '13,
Track '13.

Although Burrell is good at track, there was one time he did not cover his tracks well enough.



RUBY BULACH—Commercial Course.

Dainty blouses, freshly pressed suits and tasty little hats are the joys of Ruby's heart.



MARY CONVERSE—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society, Junior Vice-President of '14 Class,
"Fanny and the Servant Problem," PIERIAN Staff
'14.

"A rose-bud set with little wilful thorns,
As sweet as Spring-time air could make her."



MYRON KLUTE—Industrial Arts Course.

Baseball, Basketball.

"Midge" has marked artistic ability but his spelling is
not quite up to it.



MARGARET GENTLE—Industrial Arts.

Dramatic Society, Pedestrian Club, "Fanny and the
Servant Problem."

Margaret is not so fond of books but one dog-eared
volume may be found spread out before her most any
day. Its name is: "Hints for the Inexperienced Cook."



WILSON SMITH—Industrial Art.

PIERIAN '11 and '14, Wireless '12 and '13.

The only reason "Smittie" looks so blue sometimes is
that Marlowe has "beat him to it."



EDNA VON PEIN—Academic Course.

Pedestrian, Dramatic Society, "The Betty Wales
Girls and Mr. Kidd."

Edna is "scared to death of boys" but she is a live
member of the G. A. A., and is a credit to every team
she joins.



ELSIE VON PEIN—Commercial Course.

Elsie's quiet, demure looks conceal a real love of mischief.



ROBERT JACKSON—Commercial Course.

Editorial Writer of *Cynosure*, Dramatic Society,
"A Roman Wedding," Circulation Manager '13 *PI-*
ERIAN.

"Oh, 'e's little, but 'e's wise;
'E's a terror for 'is size,
An' 'e does not advertise—
Do yer, Bobs?"—*Kipling*.



ZELMA LYNN—Academic Course.

Zelma has a store of vari-colored feathers that she
delights in wreathing stylishly on her hats.



CLARENCE HAAS—Industrial Arts Course.

Clarence hat eine deutsche
Gesellschaft mit Wurst, Pretzeln
und Kuchen sehr gern.



ANGIE ROLL—Commercial Course.

If Angie Rolls along thru life as unobtrusively as she
has thru her high school course, her days will be as
"calm and peaceful" as even Mr. Thompson could wish.



CLARA HARRIS—Academic Course.

Clara is a quiet, conscientious student who does her work with commendable thoroughness.



NEIL BLY—Commercial Course.

Although Neil is with us now, it is expected he will go to "Virginia" in the near future.



LOIS KELLY—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society, President of the Board of Control, Editor-in-Chief of *PIERIAN* '14.

No matter whether it be work on the *PIERIAN* or putting on a vaudeville performance in camp, Lois is always "there with the goods."



EUGENE QUIGG—Industrial Arts.

Orchestra '10, '14, *Cynosure* Staff '14, Junior Treasurer of '14 Class, Basketball '12, '14.

"Gene" doesn't like to play basketball, so he gets any old excuse to stay out, even to getting hurt in an auto accident.



INEZ KRICK—Academic Course.

Inez hopes to be a "White Linen Nurse" with a spotless uniform and a noiseless tread.



HELEN HERSHEY—Commercial Course.

A fit beginning fails us. "Helen's chief joy, etc.——" would not be appropriate, because here is a girl who finds pleasure in everything—even her beauty sleep.



ERNEST DAVIS—Academic Course.

Ernest is far-renowned for writing passionate love-tales drawn from personal experience.



JOSEPHINE WILSON—Academic Course.

With those who happened to be in the halls the end of the fifth hour, Jo has left a vivid memory of herself flying down the steps, hatpins in her mouth, coat in one hand, hat in the other, to meet "Kaufy" waiting at the bottom.



JOHN BEISSMAN—Industrial Arts Course.

Board of Control '14, Basketball 12, '14. Baseball '13, '14.

"Pretzel" is Board with the Control of his fellow-students to such a degree that he takes the first door out on meeting nights of that august body.



MILDRED CUTTER—Academic Course.

Mildred has taken particular delight in coming back to watch the rest of us dig away while she played the role of the indulgent visitor.



ALTA MAE WHITE—Commercial Course.

"Fanny and the Servant Problem."

Alta Mae dotes on frills, and feathers, very wide girdles and Spearmint Chewing Gum.



ABE FIVEL—Commercial Course.

Fivel is our Abel yell leader who makes us all hoarse with his "Whoop 'er up fer Richmond."



ETHEL CRITZER—Academic Course.

Ethel expects to be a pedagogue and has already gone thru the throes of an examination.



ROBERT GENTLE—Industrial Arts Course.

"One in the musical throng
Stood with his violin,
And warm was his welcome and long
And later applause and din."—Riley.



CAMILLA FORD—Academic Course.

The only thing Camilla hasn't done well in her R. H. S. course is to fill her page in the interest book.



RUBY CROWELL—Commercial Course.

Ruby's impressive appearance is only exceeded by her impressive argument in debate.



MARLOWE KLUTER—Commercial Course.

Orchestra, Business Manager of PIERIAN '14, College Club '12.

"The worst fault you have is to be in love."



ELEANOR SEIDEL—Academic Course.

"Si" is so fond of "German" that she is considering pursuing *it* in Earlham next fall.



CLAIRE REID—Academic Course.

Orchestra '12, '14.

"Bright-headed inside and out."



RUTH PENNELL—Academic Course.

Ruth is a rare musician. She is an authority on the development of tone from the fullest organ chord to little engaging "Tootes."



HERBERT HART—Industrial Arts Course.

Baseball '11, '14, Basketball '13, '14, Track '13, '14.

"Herb," also known as "Blondy" or "Red," always has the attention of the girls when he is playing basketball.



ALMA GETZ—Academic Course.

Orchestra, Dramatic Society, PIERIAN Staff '14,
"Fanny and the Servant Problem."

"With hair like sunshine and a heart of gold."



ARLIE ROSE—Commercial Course.

"Fanny and the Servant Problem."

Arlie had a brother,
Who found a shiney pin;
He took it to our Arlie's chair,
And neatly stuck it in.
When Arlie went to supper,
Dressed in his Sunday clothes,
He took his place as usual,
But quickly Arlie Rose.



GERTRUDE PARDICK—Academic Course.

Pedestrian Club '13, '14.

Gertrude only came to us in our Senior year, but we are proud to claim her as one of our real students.



BEATRICE WILLIAMS—Academic Course.

Orchestra '10, '14, Dramatic Society '13, '14, Classic Club '13, "Fanny and the Servant Problem."

Above everything "Bee" loves to ride bareback after dark on the family pony. Then, too, she doesn't own those big brown eyes to no purpose.



ROBERT HIEGER—Industrial Arts Course.

Bob's time is divided between "buzzing," motoring and studying.



MARIE DUNNING—Commercial Course.

Tho' Marie seems very quiet and retiring, those who know her say a jollier girl can't be found.



CARLTON COMMONS—Academic Course.

Orchestra, College Club '12.

Carlton's favorite color is Brown, and his favorite time for admiring it is Sunday afternoon.



MARJORIE PICKETT—Academic Course.

Pedestrian Club.

In "Lew" of Marjorie's present "case" we doubt if she will be compelled to invest in a parrot and cork-screw curls.



LEAH PARKS—Commercial Course.

Since February, Leah has been putting into real practice in a Boston bank what she learned during her four years in R. H. S.



ORVILLE BOONE—Academic Course.

Orville is a "very present help in time of hard work" on spread committees.



BARBARA BROWN—Commercial Course.

Barbara is usually a quiet little mouse, but she must have a "bonny sailor lad atossin' on the sea," judging from her fiery fondness for "middies."



CARL GROTTEENDICK—Commercial Course.

Orchestra.

"Vessels large may venture more
But little boats should keep near shore."



CORINNE WILSON—Academic Course.

"Fanny and the Servant Problem."

Corinne is very practical and capable. Her ambition is to manage a model home like the ones designed in "Good Housekeeping."



MARIE BACKMEYER—Commercial Course.

Cynosure Staff '14.

Marie loves to make frosted cakes and well-browned biscuits.

Here's to Emil—lucky man!



MYRON RANDALL—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society, "Everyman."

Tho' Myron was a star as "Death" in the "Everyman" cast, he is a particularly *live* member of the '14 Class.



GRACE REISER—Commercial Course.

Grace's chief joy is to sit on a camp stool under an umbrella and paint lemon sun-sets and purple shadows.



XENEPHON KING—Industrial Arts Course.

"Happy-go-lucky, fair and free,
Nothing there is that bothers me."



MIRIAM KRONE—Academic Course.

"Wee girlie, more alluring, who stays at home, the
wise one,
Her conquests there securing."



February '15 Seniors



EWART BAVIS—Academic Course.
FRANK BESCHER—Commercial Course.
STELLA BROKAMP—Commercial Course.
DOROTHY DILKS—Industrial Arts Course.
RUTH EDGERTON—Academic Course.
RUTH FERGUSON—Academic Course.
LUCILE HANER—Academic Course.
WINDSOR B. HARRIS—Industrial Arts Course.
BURTON HOWARD—Industrial Arts Course.
HELEN KEPLER—Academic Course.
KENT LEMON—Commercial Course.
MARIE LITTLE—Academic Course.
DORIS MONROE—Commercial Course.
MARJORIE MORGAN—Commercial Course.
JESSE PARSHALL—Commercial Course.
CROZIER THORNBURG—Industrial Arts Course.
KENNETH TOLER—Commercial Course.
HALCIA REID—Academic Course.
ALICE VOSSLER—Commercial Course.
EBER WILLIAMS—Academic Course.



Senior Will

We, members of the Senior Class of the Richmond High School, in the County of Wayne, and State of Indiana, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make, declare and publish this, our last will and testament, in manner following, that is to say:

Burrell McKee bequeaths to that meek little Freshman, his brother, all his store of superfluous dates.

Myron Klute, his Covington Hotel to the Daily Waitresses.

Katherine Broderick, the cakes she stole at the Dramatic Society Spread to the ones who had to go hungry.

Esther Coate, that new "Bob" she has been having so much fun with all winter for future Senior coasting parties.

Gilbert Epps, his faculty for "drumming" up a sale on the concert tickets, to those who "just couldn't sell any."

Pauline Foster bequeaths her success in breaking into the smart set to Roland Ball.

Warren Meranda, "Leona," a board-walk out at Mormon's Switch to the ones who may travel that way in the future.

Rudolph Price, his excruciating capacity for elongated verbal contentions to Russell Stout.

Roland Ball, the windows he wears in his face to the ones who will burn the midnight oil next term.

Herbert Thompson, his cunning little dimple in his chin to Fay Drake (notwithstanding many protestations from Mabel Logan).

Margaret Gentle, her rising fame as a "Cook" to the Domestic Science pupils.

Mary Canby, her "Howard-ware" store in Messick, Indiana, to the forge room.

John Beissman, his "frog-like" legs and mouth to that "horrid referee."

"Bob" Jackson, Leona Cory to Lawrence Jessup.

Irene Gormon, her love for Latin, because there Virgil Raines (reigns), to those who "hate" it.

Edna Von Pein, her peculiar aversion to boys to those "flirty" little girls who entered last fall.

Clarence Haas, his favorite song, "Where Did You Get That Girl?" to Robert Hieger.

Marlowe Kluter, the chance he thinks he has with Ruth Shera to McKee.

"Zip" Brehm bequeaths his ability as a track coach to the R. H. S., for next year.

Grace Rieser, a few years as a stenographer to anyone who will hire her for \$5.00 a week.

Laura Brown, her extensive "Commons" east of town to the boys' Baseball League.

Russell Stout, his dramatic laugh to anyone who wants to care for and cultivate it.

Gertrude Pardick, her "higher algebra" grades to Ruth Wessel.

Dorothy Land, "Just" a little smile to Ed Williams.

Barbara Brown, that demure, quiet way of hers to Flossy Kamp.

Peggy Marvel, that cute drawling tone of voice to the ones who try to imitate her.

Blanche Plummer }
Camilla Ford } Some of their dignity to Phyllis Butler.

Rhea Ackerman, all she knows about court proceedings to the little "dummies" who asked her questions.

Mary Clements, all she knows or ever "Knode" about "buzzing" to Miss Morris.

Clair Reid, a "Come-back" for every cruel little remark told by Professor Sloane in chorus.

Robert Hieger, those back experiments in Chemistry to Mr. Cook.

Angie Roll
Mable Reifel
Ruby Crowell
Helen Hershey
Leah Parks
Marie Dunning

} Their imperfect copies in typewriting to the various waste baskets around school.

Josephine Wilson
Ruth Pennell
Eleanor Seidel

} Their many invitations to dances to the girls who "never get to go."

Robert Gentle, his title of concert master to the one who practices the most this coming summer.

Lois Kelly, the contents of THE PIERIAN waste basket to the R. H. S. furnace.

Abe Fivel, his megaphone to the next yell leader.

Neil Bly, his "dear, sweet disposition" to those girls who rave about it.

Lawrence Jessup, Leona Cory to "Bob" Jackson.

Frank Bescher wills his lease on a certain portion of a sidewalk on South Eleventh Street to those more fortunate than he.

"Florjum" Kamp
"Dot" Rodefald
"Rufus" Shera

} Their extensive library consisting of "First Lessons in Letter Writing," "Dates—How to Encourage, Obtain and Enjoy Them" and "Fluffy Flossy's Flirtations."

Orville Boone, his everlasting hatred for all women to the Freshmen boys.

Mary St. John, her trunkful of letters from California to the R. H. S. Library.

Robert Schuerman, his talent for blushing to those who are found guilty of using "paint."

Estella Thomas, her wondrous knowledge of all things pertaining to History VII to the executrix.

Florence Porter, her pet "Lyons" to the Glen Miller Park.

Carlton Commons, his name to Laura Brown.

Eugene Quigg, his "artistic" ability to Miss Locke's pupils.

Kirk Bly, that tango walk to Seldon Phillips.

Ernest Davis, that marvelous collection of ties to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Fred Lohman, his pet expression "gee whack!" to Phil Gates (to be used in place of "gee gosh!")

Zelma Lynn
Inez Krick

} "The Twins," their everlasting perfect interest grades to some unsuspecting Freshman.

Alma Getz, her extreme love for reading novels during study periods to our study-room teachers.

Ruby Bulach
Elsie Von Pein
Edith Schnelle

} Their example of undying friendship to whomever it may concern.

Eber Williams, the giggles he has giggled 3d periods every day to those "wet blankets for fun."

Alta Mae White, her extraordinary ability as a chorus girl to our leading lady in the senior play.

Marie Backmeyer, those "laughing eyes" to a young man down towards Boston.

Willard Kaufman, his love for Household Arts Chemistry to any girl who will put it to practical use.

Beatrice Williams }
Isabel Crabb } Their reputation for knowing how to "manage bows" to the ones
Norvella Doddridge } without tact.
Leta Roland }

Marie Kauffman }
Anna Nicholson } Some of their muscle and strength gained from affiliation with the
Genevieve Kamp } G. A. A. (Grand Army of Acrobats), to one Assistant Li-
brarian to be used in tackling and handling Mackenzie Monarch.

Wilson Taggart, all his affections heretofore centered upon the Senior girls to that little slip of a Freshman we see him with so often.

Herbert Hart, the next fifty cents he finds for Minstrels to "Shorty."

Hilbert Orebaugh, all his future earnings to the C. & O. for passage to Liberty.

Wilson Smith, his reputation of being the class pessimist of '14 to any one of the '15 class who is willing to accept it.

Earnest Parks, his remaining "soothing weeds" to "Iky" Loehr.

Horatio Land, a "pound of flesh" to Paul Sherer. (Apologies to Shakespeare.)

Fred Pickett bequeaths his interest in Chester Baseball team (colored) to Chris Kinsella.

Clem Ferguson, his half-interest in the ice-boat to the Morton Park Amusement Company.

Irvin Fox, his amazing knowledge of typewriters to Mr. Gillespie.

Arlie Rose hereby bequeaths his services to the janitor of the R. H. S., for one year. (You wouldn't understand this unless you came to the Senior chapel play.)

Stanley Eikenberry, the address of a certain girl at Camden to any Sophomore fellow who likes the proposition.

Pauline Essenmacher, a volume of her personal experiences to the library.

Walter Davis, his stick-to-it-iveness to the R. H. S. quitters.

Ethel Critzer, her Sunday School record to the ones who haven't any.

"Billy" Converse, her place on numerous committees to any energetic willing worker.

Corinne Wilson, her love of a good time to some of the "digs."

Mildred Cutter

Carl Grottendick

Clara Harris

Gertrude Rhodenburg }

All the things they haven't said to other talkative (?) students.

Xenophon King, his first initial to some of the boys of the '14 class who will be voting next year.

Floyd Doddridge, his cast off books to the lost and found drawer.

Elizabeth Starr, that smile that won't come off to our class Pessimist.

Vera Daily, some of her pretty curls and high grades to those who are jealous.

Elsie Bullerdick, her collection of hand painted china to our late bride, Mrs. Adams.

Gertrude Clark, her industry in all things pertaining to school work to Harlow Haas.

Miriam Krone, her many cases to Barbara Brown, in hopes that she may acquire a new one this summer.

Myron Randall, the notes he received from Reba Jordan the third periods this term to the English department.

Wilbur Ball consigns this last most terrific case to the city Clerk.

Jesse Parshall, his power of oratory to the future debaters of '15.

Helen Kenworthy, her originality on her PIERIAN job to the Senior Editor of next year's Annual.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal, this sixth day of June, 1914.

SENIOR CLASS, HELEN KENWORTHY, *Executiv.*



Cynosure

Editorial Staff—

ROLAND BALL, News Editor
BENJAMIN NULL, Censor
ROBERT JACKSON, Editorial Writer

Reporters—

LUCILLE DODD
EUGENE QUIGG
RUTH SIERA
MARIE BACKMEYER
EDITH HAWORTH
RALPH ROGERS

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HORATIO LAND, Manager
WILBUR BALL, Circulation Director
HERBERT THOMPSON, Advertising Director
CHARLES TOWLE, Printing Instructor

Artists—

HOWARD BALL
CLARENCE HOLLY

"Cynosure! Cynosure! Two cents! Cy——"

"Got change for a five-dollar bill?"

"Sure—all in pennies!"

"Go to! What do you think I am?—a china pig?"

"Cynosure! Cynosure—first edition!"

A clink of copper, a rattle of turning pages, a chatter of comment and a chorus of:
"Some class!—what?"

The young editors unbutton their coats and poise their thumbs in their vest-pockets. It is impossible to see their chins for their chests, and their heads have a way of bulging out of their caps.

Don't blame them! It is genuine pride with a just cause. It is the first time Richmond High ever put out a newspaper and it is well done. File that first *Cynosure* for future reference and join in wishing the little paper many happy returns!





The Orchestra

R. C. SLOANE, *Director*

First Violins—

Robert Gentle (C. M.)
Pauline Wrede
Roland Ball
Marjorie Wiltrout
Marjorie Morgan
Beatrice Williams
Norvella Doddridge
Ruth Blossom
Kenneth Kennedy
Corinne Nusbaum
Carl Grottendick
Burton Howard
Karl Hanning
Herschel Thomas
Dale Owens
Hilda Kirkman
Inez Hough

Violas—

Florence Porter
Alma Getz
Isabelle Crabb

Cellos—

Marguerite Deuker
Howard Ball
Henry Beck

Clarinets—

Fred Lohman
Raymond Jenkins
Roy Campbell
Paul Brower

Trumpet—

Clair Reid

Cornets—

Eugene Quigg
Sterling Reid
Robert Longman

Piano—

Marjorie Beck

Second Violins—

Nina Shera
Leta Roland
Elizabeth Chrisman
Helen Rethmeyer
Emma Fetta
Mildred Hartman
Marie Besselman
Mary St. John
Benjamin Harris
Dorcas Hiss
Florence McMahan
Paul Steen
Caroline Smith
Clara Weisbrod
Neva Bowman
Francis Clawson

Basses—

Howard Swisher
Mark Heitbrink
Harold Freeland

Flutes—

Marlowe Kluter
Carlton Commons

Oboes—

Clarion Good
Markley Lahrman

Bassoon—

Stanley Gehr

French Horns—

Philip Gates
Ernest Parks
Robert Dickinson
Wilbur Dickinson

Trombone—

Lee Outland

Tympani—

Gilbert Epps

Drums—

Charles Curtis



The Orchestra

FIFTEEN years ago Mr. Will Earhart, supervisor of music in the Richmond schools, organized the High School Orchestra. A man of faith and hard work, he gradually lifted the little organization to a high plane of efficiency, and each succeeding year has marked a growth in size and attainment.

Under the enthusiastic leadership of Mr. R. C. Sloane, the present director, the year of 1914 stands out as the banner year of the Orchestra, with a membership of sixty-three.

Great interest is taken by the members in all orchestra work, and attendance at the two rehearsals each week is exceptionally high.

The musical library contains many selections of artistic worth, such as "Haydn's Surprise Symphony," the overtures of "William Tell," "Poet and Peasant," "Faust," "Bohemian Girl," "Carmen" and many other concert numbers.

The Orchestra not only plays for all chapel exercises, but has appeared in concert several times during the school year. Two concerts were given in Eaton, Ohio, and one before the Northern Indiana Teachers' Association, in Indianapolis. The popular School Music Festival, under Mr. Sloane's management, will be given on May 23d and 24th, and at this time the Orchestra will present a widely varied program.

ROBERT GENTLE, '14.





Class in Musical Composition

NEVER before has Richmond High School boasted a class of real composers. These girls have been doing original work together since February, 1914, and are proud to show their folios of songs, violin solos, pianoforte compositions and themes for orchestration. All the special musical numbers rendered in the May Musical Festival are the work of this class. Our music-lovers have pursued their course further than previous classes to gain a deeper insight into the fundamental principles of harmony and chord structure. The class roll is: Esther Coate, Mary Converse, Marguerite Deuker, Agnes McFail, Virginia Jones, Hilda Kirkman, Jeanette Kramer, Mary Iliff and Leona Smith.

Critical Study

The work of the critical study class is the study of the lives and compositions of the great music masters. The class during the past year has studied the lives and works of Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wagner and Gounod. The work is for those who wish a deeper insight and understanding as well as an appreciation of good music. The class is an outgrowth of the chorus and it is hoped that the two may be united and in that way reach more pupils. The lecture system is used and the present enrollment is one hundred and twenty-five. The Victor Victrola and the playerpiano serve as excellent illustrators of symphonies and operas.

ESTHER COATE, '14.





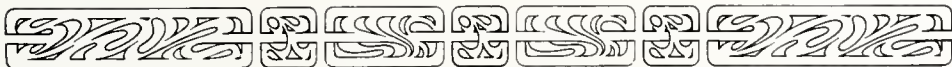
Chorus

WE HAVE the largest Chorus this year that the school has ever known. Our three hundred singers have been spending the greater part of their time upon Haydn's "Creation" in preparation for the May Music Festival. In addition to that they have reviewed the "Rose-Maiden" and sung "Be Not Afraid" from Elijah, not to mention a host of lighter incidental songs. One of Mr. Sloane's good ideas is to introduce chapel singing, allowing the entire school to take part in our Friday morning exercises accompanied by the Orchestra.

R. H. S. CHORUS

Alto sings so slowly,
Soprano runs a race;
Tenor always crying,—
Garfield boys sing "bass".
R. Sloane is director:
See his big stick fly.
"Sh-sh"; now he's stopping.
Let's the Chorus sigh—
Then they start to yelling,
Faces red and blue.
We'll sure know "Creation"
Revelations, too.
But we've got a Chorus,
Fame of wide renown;
And beats any Chorus
In or out of town.

EMMA E. HOWARD, '18.





Girls' Glee Club

OUT of the chorus grew the Girls' Glee Club. It was only born during the spring term of this year and is working solely for the May Music Festival program on May 23, 1914. The girls expect to carry the day when they perform and are singing-up-at-nights to that end. Among their songs are the "Rose of the Twilight," written by Marguerite Deuker, and the "Swing Song," by Lohr. The members of the "Songsters' Association" are: Marguerite Deuker, Margaret Gentle, Margaret Duvall, Ruth Ferguson, Elizabeth Schriber, Clara Weisbrod, Corinne Wilson, Vandora McKee, Deloris Ellis, Hazel Kinley, Nina Shera, Leta Roland, Leona Smith.



Beck's Orchestra

THIS orchestra was organized to play for the Pedestrian Club play. They played for the Teachers' Annual Luncheon at the Westcott Hotel on April 18th. May 8th they gave a very successful concert at West Manchester, Ohio. The members of the orchestra are: Pauline Wrede, Marjorie Wiltrout, Hilda Kirkman and Beatrice Williams, first violins; Nina Shera, Leta Roland and Helen Rethmeyer, second violins; Alma Getz, viola; Marguerite Denker, 'cello; Helen Hadley, piano; Mabel Lohr, drums, and Marjorie Beck, director.

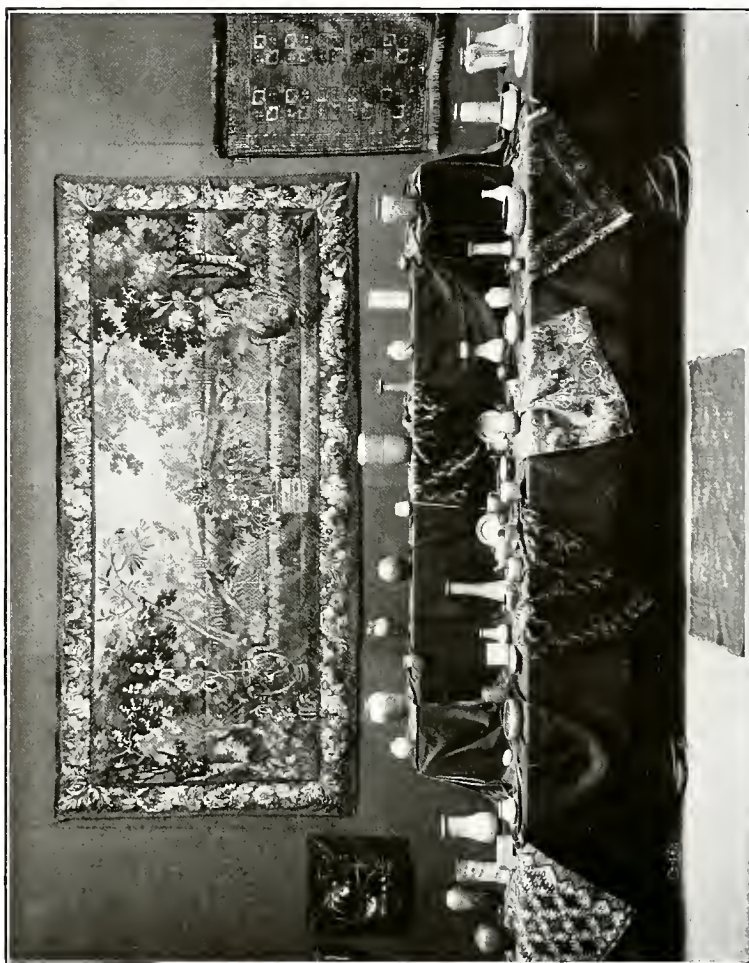


Drum Corps

FOUR score and seventy days ago these noise-makers organized and henceforth and even forever more doomed harmony to be expelled from this our school and predestined that all future High School basketball games would be won. In the crowd were three drums, seventeen dish-pans, and a boiling kettle for use in the base section. Our Mr. Nohr wanted to show the bunch off a bit so he had them march into chapel and by this little act inspired into "Moustache" Hoover to let our warriors win the battle with Anderson. After the game was over that said bunch of condensed noise proceeded to the heart of our city and woke up the rats. Their music was appreciated, because when they would go down the street every one seemed anxious to give them a token. Then it was that some rude man threw an old shoe and an alarm clock and broke up the meeting and the public even threatened to call the fire department and militia. After that all went well until S. E. Nicholson asked them to play for the local option; thereafter there were no meetings held and this bunch of inspiration never appeared again. Thus short but sweet though their life may have been, it ended suddenly.

HERBI THOMPSON, '14.





Art

DURING the season of 1913-14, the students of the High School and the people of Richmond have been privileged to see not only the choice collection of paintings owned by the Art Association, but also several other exhibitions by leading American and Indiana craftsmen, sculptors and artists. Nearly 10,000 people have visited the art gallery during the year. Then, too, the rooms have been used for meetings of the Art Study and Music Study Clubs. Several pictures and pieces of pottery have been sold, including "Golden Glow," by Mrs. J. Otis Adams, and an "Autumn Landscape," by George H. Baker, to Richmond High School.

The judges who awarded the prizes were: Mr. Watson of Chicago, Mr. William Forsythe of Indianapolis, and Mr. Ed Forkner of Seattle. Mr. Clifton T. Wheeler of Indianapolis was awarded the Indiana prize, Mr. George H. Baker the Richmond prize, and the Misses Overbeck were awarded the prize for arts and crafts. Mrs. Dougan also awarded prizes for the best three posters to Camilla Haner, Lenora Whitesell and Paul Underhill.

The following exhibits were held during the season of 1913-14:

October 1, 2, 3—Fall Festival exhibit by local artists.

October 15 to November 6—Seventeenth Annual Exhibition of American Painters.

November 14 to December 1—Exhibit of Indiana painters.

January 21 to February 4—Domestic Science exhibit of interior decorations.

February 10-27—Exhibition of paintings of Mr. T. C. Steele of Brown County, and Mr. Gardner Symons of New York City.

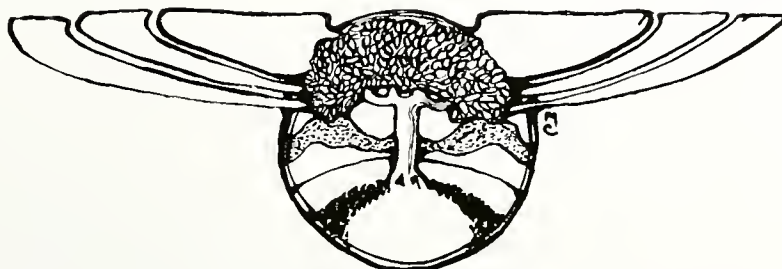
April 7-27—Annual Richmond Artists' Exhibit.

**DECORATIVE
PANEL**
(See Frontispiece)



THE Richmond High School is indeed the center of the "higher education" of the city. The ideal behind the whole establishment is set forth in symbolic form upon the handsome facade. There in a notable decorative panel of harmonious colors, designed and made by Mr. Henry Mercer of Doylestown, Pa., appear, not the student at his desk, the scholar in his library, and the talker before his audience, but the glass-blower, the butter-maker, the printer, the stone-cutter, the cook, the blacksmith, the brick-maker, the carpenter, the spinner,—all busily at work.

HENRY TURNER BAILEY.



New Printing Shop

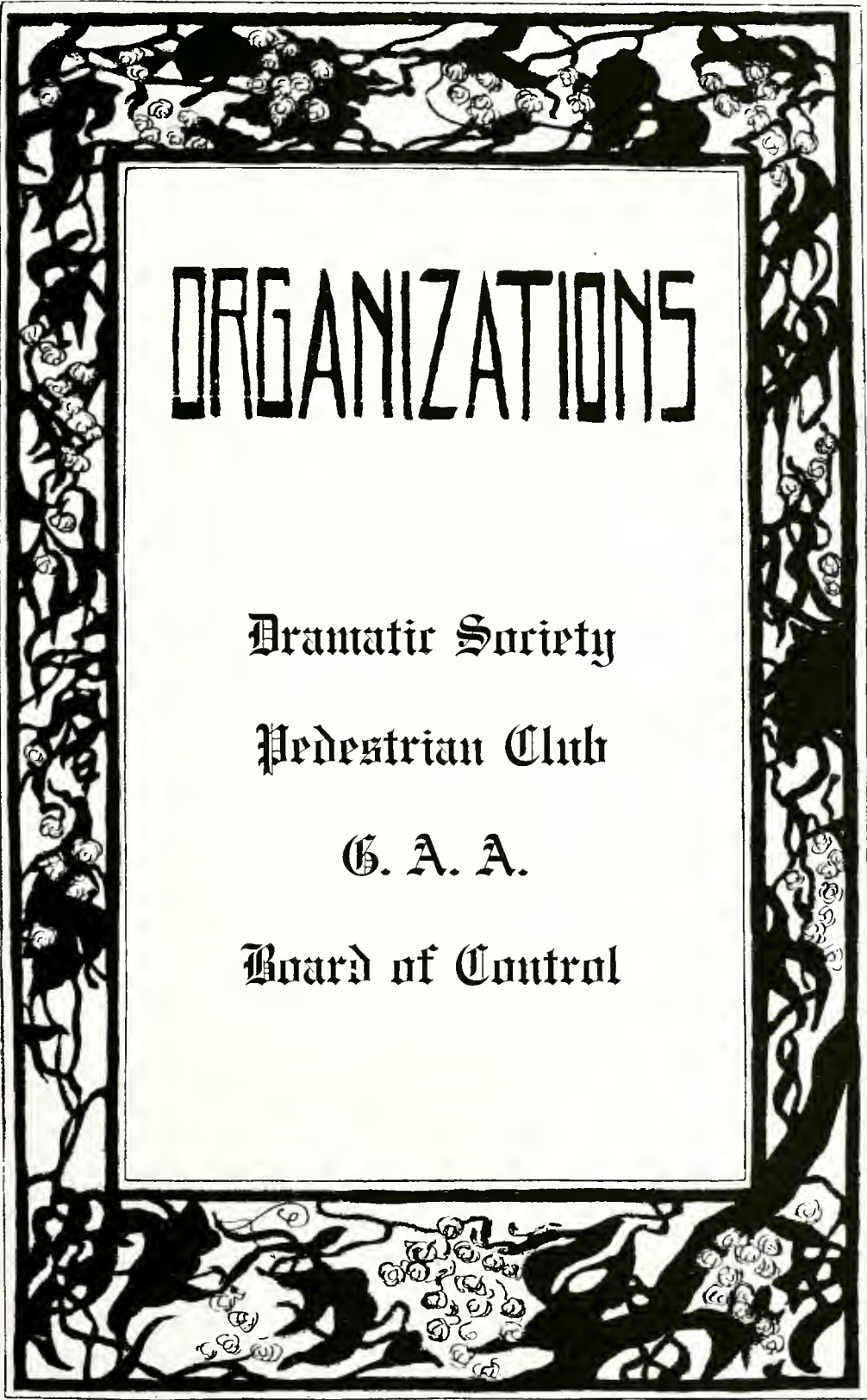


Old printer Towle
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his type,
He called for his scroll,
And he called for his printers three.

C. F., '14.

WITH the opening of the fall term came the establishment of our new twentieth-century printing shop. It is equipped with a 10 x 15 C. & P. New Series Gordon Press, 26-inch Paper Cutter, Staple Binder, and a fine selection of type and other material. The boys have taken a keen interest in the new opportunity for practical experience in printing and have done nearly all of the school community work, including stationery, blanks, index and filing cards, programs, and the *Cynosure*. The shop fairly hums with business, which has steadily increased since it was installed last September, and bids fair to be one of High School's most profitable and beneficial departments. It is Mr. Towle's ambition to perfect the shop and extend the course to give the boys three years' training. For conclusive proof that our printers are capable of efficient and careful work, examine any issue of the *Cynosure*, the department's biggest success.





ORGANIZATIONS

Dramatic Society

Pedestrian Club

G. A. A.

Board of Control



The Dramatic Society

President—LAWRENCE JESSUP

Vice-President—MARY CANBY

Secretary and Treasurer—HELEN KENWORTHY

Sergeant-at-Arms—RUSSELL STOUT

THE Dramatic Society was founded by Mr. Kelly in 1910. He was teaching English in the High School at that time, and certain days of the week he had the class study drama, which class finally developed into a society.

The next term of school he organized the society known as the "Dramatic Society," and with the help of Miss Edith Tallant, then a teacher of English, he made this society "a go."

The society was a good thing the first term, but they began giving spreads which seemed to be enjoyed more than the study of the drama, so the majority of the meetings were spent in having a good time instead of devoting them to serious study.

Last year the society was again organized and this time was more successful in its work. Since that time Mr. Kelly has been assisted by Miss Finfrock, teacher of English, Mr. Kelly taking charge one week, and Miss Finfrock the next.

The year of 1914 has been the most successful year for the society of any, for very little time has been devoted to the "spreads," and the majority of the time has been devoted to a serious study of the drama.

It is the custom of the society to give a play in chapel every semester, and this year it undertook the most difficult of all the plays it has ever undertaken and made a success of it.

Some of the plays that were read this semester are:

"Milestones," a drama by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch.

"Fanny and the Servant Problem," a drama by Jerome K. Jerome.

"For Old Eli," a comedy of Yale life, by Lloyd Oscar Thompson.

"The Perfidy of Rose," a comedy, a dramatization of a magazine article, by Ruth Ferguson, '15.

"Rosalie," a French comedy, by Max Maurey.

"All About Adam," a comedy, by Alice Thompson.

"Modesty," a French comedy, by Paul Hervieu.

L. D. J., '14.

Dramatics

Everyman

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Everyman.....	GWENDOLYN FOULKE
Knowledge.....	ELIZABETH BAILEY
Fellowship.....	CLYDE ROCKWELL
Good Deeds.....	LUCILE DODD
Kindred.....	RUTH SHERA
Cousin.....	PAUL UNDERHILL
Riches.....	WHITNEY MCGUIRE
Death.....	MYRON RANDALL
Beauty.....	MARY ILIFF
Discretion.....	DOROTHY RODEFELD
Strength.....	ROBERT CLARK
Five Wits.....	ALTA STEVENSON
Angel.....	MARY CANBY
Confession.....	PAUL LYONS
Monks.....	EVERETT GATES HAROLD FREELAND



THE Richmond High School was the first high school in this country to attempt a production of "Everyman," the old English morality play. Although the origin and author are disputed, one theory is that it was written in Dutch and came into English by a free translation. This play shows the transitory worth of worldly things and the futility of depending upon them at the final reckoning. Everyman soon discovers that all his material friends and possessions will desert him at this time and that only his "Knowledge" and "Good Deeds" will attempt the long journey with him. The best known quotation from "Everyman" is:

"Everyman, I will go with thee and be thy guide,
In thy most need to go by thy side."

Fanny and the Servant Problem

JEROME K. JEROME

Fanny.....MARY CANBY
Vernon Wetherell, Lord Bantock (her husband).....RUSSELL STOUT
Martin Bennet (her butler).....LAWRENCE JESSUP
Susannah Bennet (her housekeeper).....HELEN KENWORTHY
Jane Bennet (her maid).....ESTHER COATE
Ernest Bennet (her second footman).....ARLIE ROSE
Honorina Bennet (her still-room maid).....KATHERINE BRODERICK
The Misses Wetherell (her aunts by marriage).....ELIZABETH MARVEL, FLORENCE PORTER
Dr. Freemantle (her local medical man).....RUDOLPH PRICE
George P. Newte (her former business manager).....KIRK BLY
"Our Empire"—ALTA MAE WHITE, DOROTHY RODEFELD, IRENE GORMON, FLORENCE KAMP, CORINNE WILSON, ALMA GETZ, MARY ST. JOHN, RUTH SHERA, LETA ROLAND, BEATRICE WILLIAMS, MARY CONVERSE, MARGARET GENTLE.



This play was given as a Senior chapel play, and on account of so many Seniors being in the Dramatic Society, the two were combined and the chapel was turned over to the Senior class and the Dramatic Society.

The Roman Wedding

AT CHAPEL, on May first, we witnessed the very interesting play, "A Roman Wedding," given by the pupils of the Latin Department. To speak in the Latin tongue, to act at the same time so that the audience (by the help of the previous explanation) could follow the story and to do both without prompting of any kind—these are the real achievements and the cast deserves great praise for accomplishing them. Much credit is due Miss Smelser, the head of the Latin Department, who, through the action and grouping of the characters, made the scenes so true to the times, that the audience was conscious of the Roman spirit and dignity. Although this was the first attempt to give publicly a play in a foreign tongue, the result was such as ought to encourage other efforts along this same line; for it was not only well performed but well received.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Tullia, the bride.....MARY ST. JOHN
Gaius Piso, the groom....WILBUR KAMP
Marcus Tullius Cicero, father of the
 bride ROBERT JACKSON
Terentia, mother of the bride

LAURA BROWN

Lucius Piso Frugi, father of the
groom ROBERT WEED

Mother of the groom... RUBY MEDEARIS

Marcus Tullius Cicero, Adulescens,
brother of the bride. RALPH NICHOLSON

Flamen Dialis... KATHERINE KENWORTHY

Pontifex Maximus DOROTHY HEIRONIMUS

Lawyer..... ELEANOR BALLARD

Quintus Hortensius... MARIE BESSELMAN

Matron of Honor..... MARTHA JONES

Lictors..... { VAUGHN CHAMNESS
 CHASE STEVENSON

Servants { Marcipor.. VAUGHN CHAMNESS
 { Philotimus.. CHASE STEVENSON
 { Anna..... IVA MEDEARIS

Interpreter..... PAULINE FOSTER

Scene—The atrium of a Roman house.
Time—63 B. C.



The Betty Wales Girls and Mr. Kidd

MARCH 13, 1914, the Pedestrian Club gave a boarding-school play, entitled "The Betty Wales Girls and Mr. Kidd." All parts were well taken, especially the character of "Prissy" Hicks, played by Marie Kauffman.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Betty Wales, an all-around girl,
VERA DAILY
Helen Chase Adams, a "dig,"
EDNA VON PEIN
Madeline Ayres, an original young
person HELEN BALL
Mary Brooks, a teasing Senior,
RUTH SHERA
Bobbie Hildreth } The { BERNICE PUCKETT
Bob Parker..... } 3 B's { EDITH HAWORTH
Babe Henderson } CAROLYN BRADLEY
Miss Priscilla Hicks, English instructor,
MARIE KAUFFMAN
Georgiana Arms, a long-suffering
Junior AILEEN BEISSMAN
The real Georgia Ames, an innocent
Sub-Freshman PHYLLIS BUTLER





Pedestrian Club

President—MARIE KAUFFMAN

Vice-President—CAROLINE BRADLEY

Secretary—EDITH HAWORTH

Treasurer—HELEN BALL

THE Pedestrian Club presents in its organization certain general features, which it is easy to distinguish from all other organizations at the first glance.

It was organized for the promotion of health and good times. The club this year feels that it has achieved both these ends and added another accomplishment; that is, they have all become professional actresses. While the walking was suspended in the winter months, the girls were busy working on the play, "The Betty Wales Girls and Mr. Kidd," which proved to be a splendid success.

One very queer thing about this club is that the members all have become quite fond of spreads. Every few weeks a spread has been given in honor of some pioneer ancestor who has come back to visit us, such as Miss Tallant, Miss Kraft, or Miss Laning. They tell us thrilling stories about the regulations that they first adopted; such as, first, anyone who is so giddy she cannot walk across a narrow foot-log over a small river without getting dizzy, must practice at home, with the ironing board across the bath tub, until she has become skillful; second, those people who cannot produce rosy cheeks and a graceful carriage after three weeks membership in the Pedestrian Club are expected to use artificial means.

The members of today do not fear these horrible restrictions, and the club has increased to twice its original size. Whenever you come to high school don't fail to visit the Pedestrian Club and see it in real action.

MARIE KAUFFMAN, '14.



G. A. A.

President—FLORENCE PORTER

Vice-President—EDITH HAWORTH

Secretary—MABEL LOEHR

Treasurer—KATHERINE DAUB

THE Girls' Athletic Association is the strongest organization of the school. The membership fee is one year of physical training, and, as a year of this work is now required, every girl is a member of the association. This organization does away with the formality among the girls, for at one of its delightful parties no one is long a stranger.

The Girls' Athletic Association entertains its members with parties, skates, and banquets. The Freshies are entertained the first of every term. For the fall newcomers an enjoyable Japanese party was given at which the guests were served by four members dressed in Japanese costumes and were given little fans as souvenirs. At the Thanksgiving party the members were entertained with "flesh and blood" moving pictures. Instead of a Christmas party a matinee skate was given for all the high school girls. An affair of this sort had never been ventured before, but the girls had such a grand time not having "to wait to be asked" to skate that they begged for more skates which were even more successful than the first one. The spring Freshies were welcomed with a Valentine party. If any girl had lost or broken her heart before coming, she had a new one before leaving. The biggest and best comes last. This is the annual Girls' Athletic Association banquet, given in the latter part of May. At this time officers for the following year are elected and honors are awarded to the champion baseball and basketball teams. Last year the Sophomores received the basketball pennant and the Upperclassmen the baseball pennant. Excellent toasts were given by members of each class.

There is a person who is the foundation of the Girls' Athletic Association. As she is the inspiration of the association, we attribute its success and the success of all its parties to her. Those who know her will recognize at once—Miss Comstock, sponsor of the Girls' Athletic Association.

MABEL LOEHR, '16.



Board of Control

President—LOIS KELLY

Vice-President—RALPH NICHOLSON

Secretary—JOHN BEISSMAN

Treasurer—B. W. KELLY

THE Board of Control consists of six members, three chosen from the student body by the faculty, and three from the faculty by the student body. These members are chosen at the beginning of the fall semester and serve until the close of the school year.

The members chosen for the year of 1913-14 were: Lois Kelly, Ralph Nicholson, John Beissman of the student body; Miss Finfrock, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Kelly of the faculty.

The main duty of the Board of Control is to finance all school enterprises. It has financed many successful enterprises during the year. It made possible the play "Everyman," given in the High School Auditorium in November. It bought new suits for the best basketball team Richmond High School has ever had; it also sent them to the state tournament at Bloomington. It brought the Wabash College Glee Club here. In addition to that the Board voted on nominations made by the English department for the editors of the Annual, and also financed it. It has done many other things equally important but too numerous to mention.

A new amendment has been added to the constitution, providing "R's" for girls' basketball and baseball, and an all around "R" for boys.

After carefully considering what the Board of Control has done this year, it can truthfully be said that this has been its most successful year since its organization.

JOHN BEISSMAN, '14.



Chapel

THE Friday morning chapels of our school are always looked forward to by the pupils with great pleasure. They give us a chance to hear interesting speakers and also to display the ability of the student body. This year we have enjoyed speakers, musical numbers, contests and plays.

Considering the variety of programs and talent presented, we feel we have been very fortunate this year. Among our exercises were:

Sept. 12—Robert Gentle, Violin Solo. Talks by Supt. Giles, Miss Hill and Mr. Pickell.

Oct. 10—High School Orchestra, Opening Concert.

Oct. 24—Mr. Weed.

Nov. 21—Prof. Russell, of Earlham College. Mrs. Krueger, Song.

Dec. 16—Dr. Edwin Holt Hughes, Ex-President of DePauw University.

Dec. 19—Dr. Lyons, of Reid Memorial Church.

Jan. 19—Dr. E. H. Lindley, of Indiana University.

Feb. 6—"Beat Anderson!" Chapel assisted by drum corps.

Feb. 20—Senior Chapel Play, "Fanny and the Servant Problem."

March 19—Dr. Strayer, of Columbia University.

March 23—Local contest of State High School Discussion League, contested by Paul Underhill, Burton Howard, Leroy Brown, Everett Gates, Wilbur Kampe, Jessie Parshall, and won by Robert Lyons.

March 30—Memorial Chapel for Miss Alice Test.

April 29—Robert Lyons, Speech prepared for State High School Discussion League; Garfield Cox, of Earlham College, "International Peace."

May 1—Latin Play, "A Roman Wedding."

May 27—Awarding of R's. Speech by Prof. Russell, of Earlham College.

WILSON SMITH, '14.

His Creation

THE man's quick, nervous fingers played caressingly over the cloth as he smoothed it into long, soft folds. Dinner time had come and gone again before it lay completed—the shimmering, creamy maze of threads he had woven and shaped into a wonderful gown of mists and cobwebs. With a sigh which was half a sob, the man sank wearily down on the bench and buried his head on his work. There had been long, long weeks while under his hands the threads were growing into this gown of wonders, Pierrott's Creation.

Tomorrow, Minaud should see it—Minaud, the master of fashions. If he were pleased, Estelle, the little black-eyed model, would wear it on parade, then indeed Pierrott's joy would be unbounding, for it was for her, for Estelle, that he had designed his gown. It was she whose form had bent, divinely alluring, into his dreams as he worked. He had been a nothing, a nobody, but now, if he were recognized by Minaud, at last, she would smile on him.

Ah! smile on him! In a new success, a man who would claim recognition, a name, wealth! Ah, yes, Estelle could well afford to smile on that. Back of the slender, oval face, mirroring in its every detail a perfect beauty, back of this, the man had not looked. He had not seen the loathsome, dormant, she-thing lying behind its mask—the soul of a French "woman of the world." He had not seen—not yet—

The man's head lifted at the opening of the shop door. A girl entered.

"Ah, Pierrott, and you said you would come for dinner. Indeed you promised, and here you work, work, work and forget everything else."

She gave him her hand with a smile, half pouting, wholly tender. The man arose and looked at her vaguely, as if so quickly he were unable to shake off his reverie. Before he could reply, with a little cry of delight, she caught sight of the creation on the table. Pierrott's face lighted up at her little gurgles of rapturous admiration.

"You like it, Marie? You think it beautiful?"

"Beautiful!" Finding no words to express her thoughts, she ended simply, "You are a master, Pierrott; Paris' new master of creations."

Then, with a happy little catch in her voice, she added, "And now, now must we wait so long for a marriage? Will it be for long now, Pierrott?"

The man did not see the hurt in the girl's eyes as he answered, almost impatiently, "No, no, not long now, Marie."

"A master, a master. It has come to me at last!" he murmured softly.

When he had pulled on his coat and locked the shop door, they walked slowly down the narrow, quiet street—the man, silent in expectant contemplation; the girl, hurt and wondering at his indifference. When he left her at her door with a short good-night, Marie climbed the stairs to her room to lie and ponder over the change in her lover. Making herself believe the paltry excuses her heart made for him, she fell asleep to dream of the days that were coming from out of the joyous future.

Restless and unable to sleep, the long night ended at last for Pierrott and he saw the morrow dawn. And yet there were more hours to live before he might find Minaud awake and ready to receive him. As he dressed and moved about his room but one thought stirred his mind.

"It has come. The morrow, today is here."

Minaud's toilet was still in preparation when his visitor was announced. In nervous expectation, Pierrott, in the receiving room, awaited his arrival. With a sigh of relief he arose as the great master entered. As in a haze, the next few moments passed. The strain had snapped—he had won his name. Out of the jumble of Minaud's murmured words of

praise he beheld the model smiling down at him from the doorway, the misty whiteness of his gown pure against the blackness of her hair and eyes—indeed, a vision to make him start and rub his eyes. Then, slowly the haze lifted and his head grew clear.

"Ah! Marvelous, wonderful! It is perfect, monsieur!" Minaud was peering in delight at the effect.

"There, Estelle, step down, so—now to the window, thus, ah!"

Slender, sensuous, beautiful, she walked across the hall.

"Monsieur," the master turned again to the man, whose eyes were following the woman.

"Monsieur, you have made your fortune. You have the artist's eye, the true soul. For that gown I will give you——"

"Wait, wait!" Pierrott's voice was rough and in his eyes there was an ugly fire.

"Come back!" he commanded, and the model, misreading the emotion playing on his face, glided back, her lips parted in an inviting, daring smile. Looking down at her, an evil sneer came to the man's mouth.

"Take that off!" The words were gritted out from his clenched jaws.

The woman could not misread the ominous temper of the words. Silently she walked through the archway to the room beyond. There was fear in her eyes when she returned to the hall.

Astounded and speechless at the man's strange manner, Minaud at last found speech, as Pierrott roughly snatched the gown from the model's hands.

"But, Monsieur, surely you will let us have the gown. What is Monsieur——"

Turning to the master, Pierrot looked at him steadily.

"Yes, you want my creation. You will pay me much. You say my name is made by this, my work. Hear me, M. Minaud. I created that gown; I watched it grow; and in every thread I wove my ideal, my woman. Never, if I starved, could you buy this gown, to be worn by her and those like her. This is for a woman, not those—those swine."

Blindly the master and woman watched him stride down the steps, nor, when the door slammed after him, did they stir.

* * * * *

"Close your eyes close, Pierrott, and don't dare look." A happy, little gurgle of a laugh followed, and then, "Now."

She stood before him in her wedding gown, an adorable, adoring little bride.

"Dear heart," he breathed into her hair, "there is no one else that can wear it, because—because, after all, it was you that was woven in it."

LUCILE DODD, '15.



In Pursuit of a Spread

"OH, GIRLS, has every one heard the latest?" Emily Winston paused with spoon up-raised. The Society for the Promotion of Pulchritude at Athelstane Seminary was indulging in a fudge party.

"Look out, Emily, you're dripping fudge all over the carpet."

"No, of course not. Do tell us."

"What's happened now?"

"Oh, I do hope it's something exciting. This school is positively stagnant."

"Well—Natalie Sutherland is getting a box from home. It's at the express office now."

"Not Natalie Sutherland! A box from home!"

"Yes, indeed. Ethelyn heard Miss Parker tell Natalie that she would have it sent up to her room tonight."

"Well, of all phenomena! When you look at Natalie, you think she has no kinspeople whatever," and prim little Mary Eaton turned up her prim little nose and looked surprised.

"Natalie of all people! What do you suppose she'll ever do with it? She never had one before, I know, and she never comes to any of our spreads. She——"

"She doesn't get invited; that's the size of the matter."

"Why, Louise Randolph, you know very well that, when I got my very first box, I invited all the girls in our class and she refused."

"She couldn't help that. She had already promised the librarian to help her sort out the books in the east room that evening."

"Well, couldn't she have canceled——"

"What do you suppose she will do with it, anyway? We ought to help her celebrate."

"What a brilliant idea!"

"Of course we must!"

"She's too bashful to ask us. We will have to invite ourselves."

"Anyway, we have rather neglected her. She will be flattered to have us call on her, I know. What on earth happened to that fudge, Emily?"

"I—I guess it cooked a little too much."

"I guess it did. And all my pound of sugar gone to waste."

"Never mind. We'll get something good tonight. I think that's a great plan. Oh, here's Ethelyn. Come in, Polly. We're going to have a surprise party tonight. Want to go along?"

"Hm! I smell burnt fudge! My best, new chafing-dish, too!"

"Too bad, Ethelyn. But Emily has been telling us about Natalie's box from home and we got so interested we forgot the fudge. We're going to show her how to be happy tonight."

"Yes, isn't it a wonder that Natalie got a box. I never even knew she had a home."

"Didn't Miss Parker say anything about what was in the box, Polly?"

"Oh, I didn't hear Miss Parker say anything about it. I got my information from Clarice Housed."

"Why, Emily said——"

"I must have misunderstood you, Ethelyn."

"Perhaps. But how do you know what that box has in it? It may be an alligator for all you know."

"The very idosity! Who ever heard of sending a box without putting something good in it!"

"If Natalie's people are as queer as she is, there's no telling what they may have sent." Little Mary Eaton looked over her gold-rimmed spectacles.

"I don't believe she is queer—only misunderstood."

"Yes, decidedly misunderstood. Now, I never could understand why she ate sugar on white potatoes, and called me 'Vee-ra'——"

"Anyway, we'll try to understand her tonight. If we can't understand her method of cutting an old-fashioned apple pie——"

"Let's go up the minute supper is over."

"Yes, and don't anybody eat much supper"

"Well, here's where I betake myself to upper regions to hide Virgil under the bed. I never can enjoy myself when he is lying around unstudied. We enjoyed your fudge so much, Emily. I always was fond of charcoal. Don't worry about that chafing-dish. Soak it over night and it will be all right."

"How can I leave thee?"

"How can I from thee part?"

One after another the girls took up the familiar strain, and after singing the song through twice, departed—some humming, others whistling, according to individual temperament.

About seven o'clock Natalie Sutherland and little Roberta Gordon sat down on the floor with a little wooden box about a foot square and three inches high, between them.

"Roberta," said Natalie, as she calmly pried the lid off the box, "I have the best mother in the world. One of these whole-souled, big-hearted, old-fashioned mothers that you read about. She's been an invalid for eight years, but she's always thinking of some one else's comfort. She's such a prim little dear. See how carefully she has packed this. That's the way she does everything. She wrote me that she was going to send this box and just exactly when to expect it. She said that Frank had outgrown——"

A sudden and vigorous knocking at the door brought Natalie to her feet. There stood Emily Winston and Ethelyn Gregory. In the background were girls, girls, as far as Natalie could see, each one standing on tiptoe to see over the shoulders of those in front.

"C—come in," said Natalie, unexpectedly calm.

"We—we heard—you see——" and Emily stopped, completely bewildered.

"We heard that you had received a box from home and—and we came to help you celebrate." Even strong-minded Ethelyn laughed rather weakly.

"Yes, indeed; I received a box and I'm awfully glad you have come," smiled Natalie, beginning to see the humor of the situation. "Come in, all of you. Roberta and I are just opening it."

One by one the girls filed in past Natalie, and stood around the wall, most of them looking rather abashed when they saw the size of the box. However, once in, there was no escape. Although a few were able to show some degree of nonchalance, all drew nearer unconsciously as Natalie knelt down beside the box. Slowly and deliberately, she lifted the lid which had been hastily replaced when the knock was heard, only to reveal a quantity of brown wrapping paper and heavy string. A stubborn knot took so long that Vera in despair snatched a pair of embroidery scissors from the table and thrust them into Natalie's hands. Snip, snip! the last paper was laid back and then—with a smile and a sly glance around the room Natalie carefully, even tenderly shook out—her brother's outgrown rain-coat from which fell a pair of fleece-lined rubber overshoes.

HILDA KIRKMAN, '15.

Going Down

I HAD climbed many long flights of stairs and at last stood on the fourth floor on the north side of the building. I looked around for my friend who was to meet me there, but she was not in sight.

"Must not have come up yet," I thought and, seating myself on the banister, I looked down on the steps below. The stairs, however, seemed to be deserted, and just as I was about to jump down off my perch a mighty gust of wind came along and blew me off the other way into the well!

"How very annoying," I muttered. "I didn't realize how thin I was getting, though I knew I was studying too hard.

Just then Mr. Kelly looked over the top floor railing and called to me, "Janet, now is a good time to find out what force is. You'll be famous if you do, you know."

"I'll try," I answered, "but 'the paths of glory lead but to the grave'; this fall will surely kill me, and how am I to tell you what I've discovered after I am dead?"

There seemed to be no answer to this question so he made none, and I floated slowly down out of sight.

"This is almost like 'Alice in Wonderland'," I thought. "Wish I could find a full jar of marmalade so I could eat for the last time."

At that very moment I floated past a floor and Miss Finrock was standing there with a vase of flowers in her hand. As soon as she saw me she said, "Janet, when are you going to hand in your annual possibility?"

"Grab me," I entreated, "and I'll hand it in right away. Oh, I'm too young to die!"

"Well, it must be in by Monday or I won't accept it," she replied and walked away.

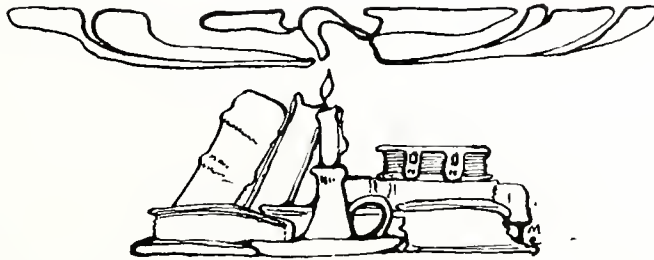
In despair I glanced down to see how near the end was. There by the "gym" door stood Miss Comstock. "Be sure and light on your toes with your knees bent," she called up before she went inside.

"But how can I when I have to fall on those stairs with a thump?"

"Janet, do wake up," said mother, shaking me. "You have been shrieking in your sleep."

"Oh, I dreamed I was dead," I replied. "My, I'm glad it wasn't so, for I want to go to that next G. A. A. skate."

RUTH BLOSSOM, '15.



Maximum Fourteen

At midnight audiebatur
Of pedes the stealthy tread.
A manus of pueri mounted,
Up multi flights they sped.

Postremo they reached ad summum
A window aperiebant,
Et cum a bucket in manu
On top of the domus erant.

The dux postulavit in whispers
"Ubi jam est the brush dedi te?"
"Hic est," respondunt companions,
Et dux with the brush then did play.

Cum sol the next morning returneth
Et miratur at Richmond so fair
A tecto of R. H. S. domus
Vidit maximum "14" so rare!

Next dies the scena est office,
Their faces, dejectae, non glad;
Magister the pueros lectures
Et administers poenam tam sad.

ELEANOR BALLARD, '15.

Who Has Idt?

Who vas idt sits in fifty-three
Und dakes mein interest away from me,
Apparently mit lots of glee?
Miss Fosler.

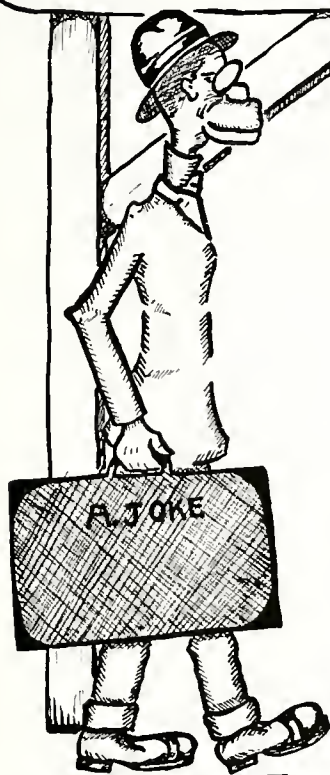
Who, ven I get up to recite
Yells, "Himmel, can't you get that right?"
Und asks me vere I was last night?
Miss Fosler.

Who giffs me zero if I say
I've only half my lesson today,
Und says I'll make her hair turn gray?
Miss Fosler.

Who holds me at der close of class,
Und tells me dot I vill not pass,
Unless my vork gets better fast?
Miss Fosler.

R. S., '15.

JOKEVILLE



TAG '14

"When is a joke not a joke?"

"Usually."

A punk answer flunketh away Math.

"Your majesty, the royal ceiling has fallen in."

"Od's blood, order some court plaster."

So we bet two-bits to a nickel,
This poem you've already read;
We knew you would get at it somehow,
If you had to stand on your head.

If there's one thing interests a fellow,
It's something he wants to know;
He's bound to get at it somehow,
If he gets the least kind of a show.

Umpire—"Foul."

Paul S.—"Where are the feathers?"

Umpire—"Shut up; this is a picked team."

Tom—"Say, Al, what's the most nervous thing in the world, next to a girl?"

Al L.—"Me, next to a girl."

Barber—"Would you like anything on your face when I am finished?"

R. Carvey—"You might leave my nose."

Editor—"May I use some of your jokes in the PIERIAN?"

Mr. Sloane—"No, I guess you'd better not. I'll need them again next year."

Stranger—"Be there a man around here with one leg named Smith?"

Native—"Dunno; what's the name of the other leg?"

Teacher—"How dare you swear before me?"

Pupil—"How did I know that you wanted to swear first?"

Mr. Haas—"In what course will Harlow graduate?"

Mr. Pickell—"In the course of time."



YE YOUTH NAMED CURTIS WITH
YE ANNOUNCEMENT OF YE
CHRISTMAS VACATON.

Freshman (boastingly)—"I really brought my dog to school yesterday and took him in "20" with me."

Senior—"That's nothing. I keep a pony in my desk all the time."

The maiden fair would curse
That most unhappy day
When she was born, but dare not, lest
She give her age away.

Mr. Kelly—"What kinds of objects reflect light?"

H. Bockhoff—"Smooth hard objects."

Mr. Kelly—"What about water?"

H. Bockhoff—"It has to be hard water."

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying, when he told a joke,
"I've heard that joke before."

Martha and Laverne, while looking over a college annual in the library, came across a picture of a tall dark young man embracing a tall dark girl.

Laverne—"Why, Martha, that looks just like you and——"

Martha (indignantly)—"Now, you've been looking in our window."

Said I 2 U,
I C U R
Inclined 2 B A J;
Said U 2 me,
Your mind I C
Shows signs of slight D. K.

Mr. Whisnand—"Fools often ask questions wise men can't answer."

Paul Davenport—"I guess that's why I flunked on that history exam."

Miss Finrock—"Is this noun neuter?"

Ike—"Yes, quite new-ter me."

Scene—Murray.

Time—2:00 p. m. Summer time.

Esther Coate—"I want two good seats for this afternoon in the coolest part of the huse."

Ticket Agent—"All right, Miss; here are two seats in the Z row."

A little flunking now and then,
Will happen to the best of men.

Professor (tapping on desk)—"Order! Order!"

Voice from the Rear—"Ham and eggs."



RATS!





PRETZEL

Pauline (correcting a Latin translation)—"I like a feeble light."
Miss Smelser (who had lost her place)—"Where?"

Juliet—"Do you think much of Ralph?"
Mildred—"Only about twenty-four hours a day."

L. S. to R. J.—"What did you ever spend on me but an evening?"

Croz—"Where's the ball?"
Red—"Over there talking to Martha Jones."

Ruby M.—"Noah and I are great friends—interested in the same historic incident."

Instructor—"Here we have four unknown quantities, X, Y, Z, and U. Which one shall we eliminate?"

Class (immediately, spasmodically, simultaneously, and with fervor)—"You!"

"All new arrivals are washed," explained the prison-keeper.

"And if they make a fuss?"

"They are ironed."

And so is our country cleaned of criminals.

Miriam—"Why it's only six o'clock. I told you to come after supper."

Fritz (modestly)—"That's what I came after."

Teacher—"I punish you because I love you."

Small Boy—"If I were big enough I'd return your love."

Clem—"How is the world treating you?"

Florence—"Oh, about as often as I could expect it to."

Freshie—"How does Mr. Kelly tell where to stop washing his face?"

Freshie—"Addie, you look like a peach."

Addie—"I'd rather look like a date."

Who can tell why it is that Ike is taller than Ray Dalbey and yet he is Lochr?

Kathryn—"I haven't been to a show for so long I wouldn't know how to act."

Ruth—"Oh, you don't have to do the acting. All you have to do is to sit quietly and watch the company do the acting."

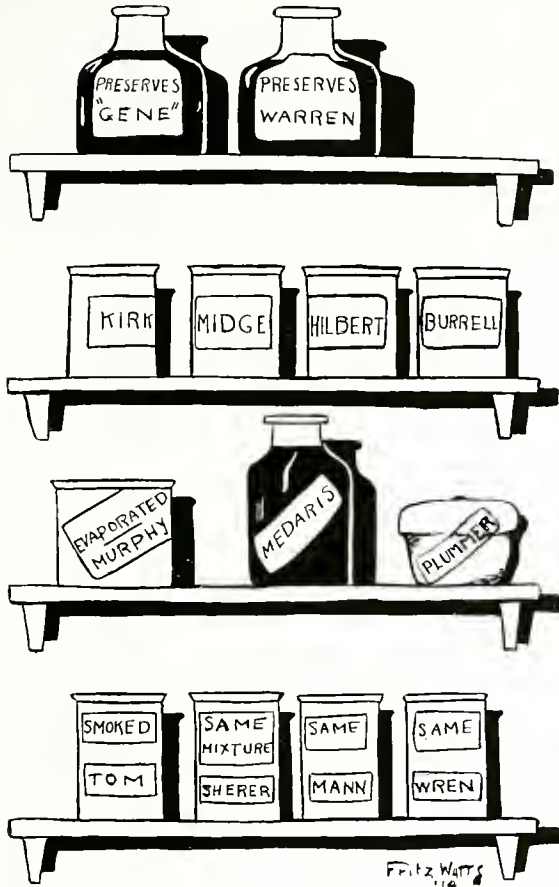
Hall Boy—"Say, Roomie, the landlady says she is going to raise the rent."

Other H. B.—"That's good. I'm sure I can't."



THE BALL BABY

CANNED GOODS '14



CLASSIFIED "ADS"

For Sale—Job lot of "C" grade excuses, none used more than one day. Phone 4019.

For Sale—One handy loose-leaf book of neatly written excuses for headaches, toothaches, etc. All styles of penmanship. E. H., W. A.

For Sale—A rare collection of tender missives which have been picked up in the halls.

Wanted—A school detective. Also a stone-pile to which book-lifters may be assigned.

Wanted—Janitors to fill the wells with ink instead of gelatine.

Wanted—A boys' rest room.

Wanted—More boosters for all R. H. S. enterprises.

Wanted—More masculine contributors to the PIERIAN.

Lost—Several opportunities, gilt-edged. Return to L. O. Afers of R. H. S.

Robert Jackson—"I'm indebted to you for all I know."

Professor—"Don't mention it; it's a mere trifle."

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.
And, by asking foolish questions,
Take up recitation time.

Helen J. (hotly)—"I don't stand on trifles!"

B. W. (glancing at her feet)—"So I notice!"

Heard in Chemistry. Cook—"What is the composition of soap?"

Ferguson—"Lye and fat. Say, on the side, wouldn't the *Cynosure* make good soap, full of 'Fat' and lies?"

Motto for pugilistic Latin student—"Soc et tuum."



Miss Hawkins—"What is a triangle?"

Ralph—"It's nothing with three lines around it."

Senior—"Speaking of electricity, that makes me think——"

Prof.—"Really, isn't it remarkable what electricity will do?"

He (at the masquerade ball)—"That's a strange looking costume you are wearing. What do you represent?"

She—"Opportunity."

He—"Indeed! Let me embrace you."

Mr. Wissler—"Mr. Smith has written an excellent book on how to prevent insanity. I think it would pay you to read it."

Charles (bringing in some jokes)—"I've got some peaches here."

Clem—"All right, we'll can 'em."

Neil (explaining capital and labor in History class)—"Suppose I loan Kirk ten dollars, that's capital. But if I try to get it back, that's labor."

Miss Chamness—"The blame for all this will on your head."

Tom—"Kindly see that it's on straight, will you?"

She—"Sing something."

He—"I don't know what to sing."

She—"Don't you know 'I Love you Truly'?"

He—"No; you never told me that before."

Monday, May 11.—The members of Beck's Orchestra received their West Manchester pay envelopes this morning. Each contained \$0.83. (Their expenses were \$0.80.)

WE RECOMMEND—

That Mr. Whisnand join the union and close recitations on time.

That the Senior class protect the Joke Committee from the faculty and underclassmen.

That a fund be set aside for the erection of a tomb in honor of those who have died laughing over our jokes.



New Abridged R. H. S. Dictionary of Slang

AND SAY (conjunction). Used by people who talk incessantly and without point.

"Fellows, I'm the whole thing up here at High, *and say*, believe me, they want me in all their clubs."

BALLED UP (adjective). Confused. State of being for some girls after dates.

"I was all *balled up* last evening."—*Martha*.

BLUFF (verb). A fine art. Most necessary to a successful life. Consists of making one believe you have what you haven't. Also makes an empty space seem full.

"*Bluff* and the class bluffs with you ;

Recite and you recite alone."—*R. H. S. Chorus*.

BUZZ (verb). To revolve about an interesting object.

(proper noun). The name of one of our most promising youths.

"Addie and me just *buzz* awful."—*Aubrey Minor*.

CUT IT OUT (verb). To ask to refrain from. Very forcible when used by a member of the faculty.

Mr. Helman (roughly, upon seeing Mary and "Buzz" walk around the halls for the fiftieth time in ten minutes)—"*Cut it out* and go to your session rooms."

DARN (interjection). A somewhat modified expression used mostly by girls. However, it has been found that it is too mild an expression for sporty R. H. S. boys (and some girls).

"*Darn!* I don't see why they don't make us come to school twenty-four hours a day."—*Laura Brown*.

DATE (noun). A nut from a tree that grows in a desert. It also makes an oasis in a humdrum life.

DATE BOOK (noun). A reminder of the oases of the future. Necessary only for those High School girls who think they're popular.

"Oh, Miss Fox! *Has* anybody found my *date-book*?"—*Distressed Co-ed*.

DOPE (noun). Hot air exhaled by Roland Ball in his many newspaper articles in the *Pal* about High School life.

"Want me to reel off some *dope* about the *Cynosure*, 'Fat'?"

EXAM. (noun). An invention of a thousand years ago. Gradually being done away with by progressive members of the faculty.

"I fail to see how we get out of *crams*, when I've had four already this week."—*Robert Jackson*.

FLUNK (noun and verb). A knock-out blow. It marks the end of a landslide.
"Flunking is the best thing I do up at 'High'."—"Liz."
(Some one here remarked that this was too true to be funny.)

GET WISE (verb). To discover something that everyone else knows.
"Gee, but I had a blow when Miss Whitacre got wise to me."—"Bill" Weed.

GRIND (verb). To work constantly.
(noun). One who follows the above foolish occupation.
"I sure do grind on my English."—Harlow Haas.

HIKE (verb). To escort one's best girl home at noon.
"The way the boys all hike with me shows plainly how popular I am."—H. J.

JOSH (verb). To show your wit at a friend's expense.
"I love to josh Kathryn."—"Fat."

JOLLY (verb). Feminine form of josh, but with milder meaning. To administer soft soap.
"I'm just the best jollier in school."—Reba Jordan.

KNOCK (verb). To tell the truth about a person or thing.
"I'm always getting knocked."—"Si."

LEMON (noun). Something given you that doesn't take well.
M. A. W.'s interest checks.

MASH (verb). To come down hard upon. To administer or make a hit.
"Let's make a mash on the Glee Club."—Flossie Kamp.

MUSH (noun). Substance served on moonlit nights by fair co-eds and their associates.
MUSHY (adjective). Applied to those who serve mush habitually.
"You never knew Roland to be mushy, did you?"—Helen Kenworthy.

NOTHING DOING (interjection). To admit complete ignorance. Very common in class.
To refuse to assist anyone. To have no use for.
"Nothing doing!"—Sherer. (See first definition.)

OTHER ARRANGEMENTS (noun and modifier). An expression of endearment handed out in the form of a lemon by the gentler sex.
"So sorry, Mac; I've other arrangements."—Old Saying.

PULL (noun). Something necessary to get through High without studying.
"I must have a bunch of pulls."—"Ike" Lochr.

QUEER (verb). Meaning to spoil. To ruin.
"Miss Locke surely queer'd the rest room for us."—Senior Girls.

RUB (verb). Act of being unpleasant. To press disagreeable subjects.
"My interest is a sore spot! You don't need to *rub* it in!"—*Curtis*.

SCRAP (noun). A small piece. A diminutive war.
"I've had enough *scraps* up at High this year to make up for all my past goodness."—*Kirk Bly*.

SCRAPE (noun). (See Scrap and Kirk.)

SPIEL (verb). To emit hot air.
"Cates is surely a *spicler*."

SLANG (noun). Incorrect but expressive words. Very common at R. H. S.
Ex.—"Bobby's a candy-kid on spreading a hot line of dope."—*E. Coate*.

SWELL-HEAD (noun). A bump, usually a large, inflated mass between and above the shoulders.
"Randall is sure some *swell-head*."

TOUGH (adjective). Sporty—unusual. What the little boys think they are when they smoke in the basement.
"Let's be *tough* and light up!"—*Mann*.

TROT (noun—verb). Name given to the most popular dance of the season. Forbidden by the School Board, but indulged in on Friday night by its young set of debutantes.
"Let's *trot* up a dance Friday, Dot."—*Jus*.

U. (abbreviation). Stands for you. Short form of writing notes. This form is very popular.
"I love *U* truly."—*Peg*.

X (unknown quantity). Generally used to mar spotless sheets on the interest book.
"Give R. Stout an *X* for rough house in the halls."—*Gillespie*.





The Rest Room

"Peggy!"

"Huh?"

"Get on your languid air and let's go to the rest room. I have something awfully funny to tell you. What shall it be, headache?"

"Splitting!"

Peggy rose from her study seat and walked out of the room with drawn lips and dying eyes. Mary followed with her books, stopping at Miss Finfrock's side to explain hastily:

"Peggy has one of her awful headaches."

"Too bad!" sympathized Miss Finfrock sweetly.

Once around the turn in the corridor, Peggy grabbed Mary by the waist and they flew down the stairs to land panting against the rest-room door. To make sure nobody else was suffering from a malady similar to Peggy's, they peeked in cautiously—empty. They piled on the couch and adjusted the pillows. Suddenly Mary was on her knees on the floor, head under the couch.

"What under the shining canopy——"

"Cheese-straws, honey. I put 'em here for safe keeping. Have some. *Note*, then. It was last night after school. I was opening the gate when I saw 'Jule' coming at top speed."

"Did you speak to him?"

"Never!—but it was so funny. I dropped my history note-book and the papers just flew around. Well, I stooped down and grabbed them all up but one and it went scampering across the street. Well, what do you think? 'Jule' went striding after it and I just ran for it too, because it was that note I wrote you about his being 'a dear' and I wouldn't have had him see it for worlds! Well, we both stooped for it together and bumped heads—oh, so hard! It was so funny!"—Peggy and Mary lay back in unrestrained laughter.

The door opened. Mr. Pickell stood in the doorway. "Girls, what are you doing here?"

"Er—Peg—Elizabeth is sick."

"And you?"

"I'm entertaining her."

"You seem to be doing a good job. Report to your study room at once, both of you."

"Yes, sir." Meekly the two filed past their august principal, up the stairs and into the study hall.

"Better?" asked Miss Finfrock kindly.

"So much!" smiled Peggy.

The Unwritten Theme

IT WAS midnight, and the Sleepy Senior threw down her pen as the clock chimed out the hour.

"What's the use? I can't write a story if I haven't anything to write! It's absurd to try to put down on paper the miscellaneous junk that is in my head tonight! If I had but a fraction of the imagination and wit those writers had (with a glance at the well filled bookshelves), I might spin some yarn that would get past the English teacher, but it takes more than High School nerve to hold characters together long enough to make a story. In every one of those stories there (and 'again the bookshelves were scanned'), the characters say and do the very things they ought and want to say and do."

"Now don't be too sure about that, my dear," said a voice at the Sleepy Senior's side, and the Raggedy Man smiled whimsically into her astonished eyes. "You surely don't think I prefer talking to the Hired Girl year in and year out, do you? Why Portia here," as that stately creature stepped down from the bookshelf, "is more to my liking. How is it with you, fair lady? Remember 'the quality of mercy is not strained!'" and they laughed gleefully as they waltzed away.

"Those are my sentiments, too," said a voice to the left, and Mrs. Wiggs stood wiping her hands on her apron. "My husband has gone into transoms enough to suit me. I'd like to go in a hansom myself instead."

"Then you need me," and the Sleepy Senior, amazed, saw Shylock jump off of the shelf, turn three handsprings and alight before the radiant Mrs. Wiggs. "And we'll build your roof of ducats," the old miser continued with an elaborate bow, as he clasped his hands first on his right side, then on the left, as though he were a little uncertain of the exact location of his newly found generosity.

Just then a great confusion behind her made the Senior turn in time to see Little Lord Fauntleroy make a dash for Tom Sawyer, which nearly knocked Old Silver-leg off his foot.

"Hi, there, you kids! Be careful!" said that old pirate chuckling and side-stepping as Peck's Bad Boy and Huckleberry Finn shot past him. "Don't be so eager to get out of your familiar atmosphere that you deny that privilege to others. I'm tired of being with cut-throats for ever and a day. How about a game of checkers with somebody—let me see—why not with you, Miss Susan Trotwood?"

"Never think again, you dunce," said a cross-looking girl, "that all characters in a book are in their respective places from choice. As for myself, I'm tired of hay-fields," and the Senior knew it was Maud Miller who was speaking.

"And I want a job!" shouted Micawber, "I detest waiting for something to turn up."

"What if you had to moan over the beauties of the same lady's hand for centuries?" interrupted Sir Roger de Coverley, pushing up closer.

"Or marry the wrong girl?" put in Ivanhoe, as he kissed Rebecca.

"Or be a foot too short?" sobbed the Little Minister.

"Or two feet! Oh, have a heart—have a heart!" wailed a voice from somewhere.

Then the Senior put up her hands to push back these queer people, but they came closer and closer to her, shaking their heads and muttering,—old witches, elves, monsters, dainty ladies, fierce warriors, sun-bonnet babies, bare-foot boys, old-fashioned girls, and dusty travelers,—all complaining and protesting against their lot. Closer and closer they came until in her fright the Senior cried out, "Go away, go away!" Then with a start she sat up straight, rubbed her eyes and said, "Why, I must have been dreaming!"

Nevertheless, dozens of books lay tumb'ed together on the floor, and over half of the books in the case were upside down.

MARGARET GENTLE, '14.

First Day at the Port of Missing Men

ON A jolting, creaking, bumping hay-wagon we came on an early June morning—twelve laughing girls in white middies, red ties, blue skirts, and straw hats, with two suit-cases apiece. Down a rutted by-lane and then a shout, "The Port! The Port!" as the girls staggered to their feet, some losing their balance and almost falling from the hay-wagon. There, sure enough, in a small clearing of a beautiful woods stood a dear little log cabin with a rustic porch and a brick chimney. The driver pulled up before the stile and off jumped, tumbled and fell twelve girls and twenty-four suit-cases.

"Oh, do hurry and unlock that door! I'm crazy to see inside."

"For pity's sake, don't pile so many suit-cases on this porch. They're three deep now."

Finally the door was unlocked and all rushed in.

"Oh! that grand fire-place and this little old rickety, winding stairway!"

"And here's a bed-room off the living-room!"

"My, won't we have to squeeze some to all get in that dining-room?"

"Do look at those dirty lamp chimneys!"

"Well, let's stop looking and get to work."

So we all put on our camp uniforms—middies, bloomers and tennis shoes. Some of us started on the living-room, sweeping and dusting it, hanging pictures and arranging the furniture more comfortably. Three girls went up to the low, rambling bed-room which extended over the entire cabin. There the bunks were made up amid flying pillows and enough jumping, goodness knows, to break the ceiling in. Others cleaned the dining-room and kitchen and hung the work-schedule by the dining-room door. Then, after the leaks in the stove had been plugged up with soft soap and chewing gum, we had our dinner.

After our hearty dinner, made all the heartier by hard work, Sue cried:

"O girls! we forgot to nail the sign on the cabin."

"Sure enough! Get that hammer and nails and we'll do it now."

"Where did you say those nails were?"

"On the mantel!"

"Oh, yes!—here they are!" and all trooped out on the porch to post the large sign, "The Port of Missing Men."

"Gee! but it's hot out here; let's go in the living-room where it's nice and cool."

"All right. I choose the morris chair."

"I want the cot by the window."

"No, you don't. I yelled for that cot this morning, didn't I, Bee?"

"Yes, sir, and I'll help you get it——" Then followed a lively tug of war for the only cot in the living-room.

Kate with her bloomed knee crossed sat tatting by the door.

"For Pete's sake, stop singing that song! I'm trying to take a nap!"

"Good! Sleep all afternoon and maybe I'll get to finish my story."

"Say, Puss, comb my hair for me, will you? Fix it up real cute."

"Comb mine next, Puss!"

"All right. Bring your brushes and hair-pins."

Kate stretched and yawned. "This life is too tame for me. I'm going exploring. Anybody going along?"

"Sue will. She loves to walk in the boiling sun. She wants her nose peeled."

"Go on, Puss. It will do you good!"

"Not on your life. You want this easy chair, Miss!"

"Well, I'll go, Kate!"

"So will I" and "I." So off they started.

In less than an hour they came back.

"Girls, we found the grandest swimming hole and a fallen tree we named the 'Singing Tree.' Come on out! You can see it from here! Right over there!"

"Great! After supper we'll climb up on it and sing our songs!"

"Hurry up with supper in there and by doing so oblige yours truly for I'm starved."

The supper was delicious when we finally got to it. When we had eaten all but the dishes, Sue said:

"Come on, everybody! Ready for the 'Singing Tree!' Let's start, Gene, they'll follow."

"I want the highest part, remember!"

"I'm going to sit next to Bee."

Up we crawled, one by one, all sitting facing the glowing west.

"Let's sing 'My Girl's a Hulubaloo!'"

"Now, let's sing 'Oh, You Beautiful Doll!'"

"No—'Speak to Me, Darling!'"

We continued to sing our songs until dark.

"Say, I'm so sleepy. I'll fall off this log if I don't get down."

"All right; let's all go back to the cabin." And one by one we climbed down and strolled back to prepare for the night.

Cots were drawn out on the porch and the scramble for bed clothes began.

"Here, that's my blanket."

"Well, that's my sheet then."

"Throw out that pillow, please. Mine disappeared just now."

"Wow! There's one of those pesky mosquitos buzzing around. We'll be eaten up by morning."

"Say, would you mind giving me just a little of that cover?"

"Say, girls, what if some one should creep upon us in the night and——"

"Oh, keep quiet, or I'll go inside to sleep."

"I move we all go to sleep."

"I second the motion."

"Good-night, everybody!"

"Good-night!"

After five minutes' silence—"Say, Gene, what's that funny noise?"

"I don't hear anything."

"Well, listen! There!"

"Oh, Greeny, those are frogs! For pity's sake, let me sleep!"

"Well, anyway, I wish they'd keep still."

"Well, they won't."

"Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

The cabin and the twelve girls sleeping peacefully in the moonlight ends our first day at the "Port of Missing Men."

FLORENCE KAMPE, '14.

La Lettre

HOTEL DE SURESNES,
PARIS, FRANCE,

Dearest Dot:

JULY SOMETHING-OR-OTHER.

It's almost midnight, and I'm so tired I can scarcely keep awake, but I want to tell you about our day in Amboise. Really, it's the most romantic place I've ever seen. I know you would enjoy it.

Well, Aunty wasn't feeling well that morning and there were such a lot of interesting places that we girls did want to see! Aunty preferred staying in her rooms all that morning (unromantic thing), so we three girls—Flo, Patty and I—started out to explore the town. Really, my dear, that place is simply overflowing with old castles, and towers, and the ruins of old buildings.

Well, the first thing we did was to engage a guide. It took us quite a while, as we weren't used to trotting around hunting guides, but at last we found one who fully repaid us for all the time spent in the search. We were inquiring for one at the desk of a certain hotel, when an awfully good-looking young man standing near by, who must have overheard us, came up and offered his services. I was so surprised that I think I must have done something unusual, for he looked at me and grew awfully red. No wonder I was surprised. He was dressed in the very latest style, and talked *perfect* English, which is quite an unusual quality in guides.

After rather a long walk, he took us all through an old ivy-covered castle called——unpronounceable name, and he explained everything just beautifully! To be sure, he devoted most of his time to Patty, which I think was rather mean of him, as we had all engaged him—and besides, her hair really isn't naturally curly at all—but then, that's neither here nor there.

After we had finished "doing" the castle, as Flo would say, he took us to an old pile of ruins that used to be another castle. I do wish I'd seen that place before it crumbled away. I can see in my mind's eye, that darling little terrace, all covered with vines and French ivy, and the moat, and all those "thousand and one" things that would have made it so delightful. But it's awfully romantic as it is. We went all through the many, many rooms until our eyes fairly ached.

Well, when Pat and Flo had looked to their hearts' content, we went out into the open air again and ordered three donkeys. They looked perfectly killing with their long ears and woolly coats. (They never shear their donkeys in France, so I've heard.) After quite a delay, we started up the side of the mountain just outside of the city, on our donkeys. When we were nearly to the end of that steep and slippery path, Flo's donkey took a stubborn spell and positively refused to move. She whipped and whipped, and coaxed and coaxed, and kicked and kicked, but nothing could be done with it.

At last poor Mr. Thornton (that was our guide's name) had to tempt the stubborn little beast with a bunch of nice French grass, and then pull the little thing up the hill by main force. I suppose he's used to pulling donkeys up and down hills, poor man, and doesn't think anything of it, but I couldn't help feeling sorry for him, nevertheless. Flo says that

donkey reminds her of me. I wonder what she means: whether she is complimenting me on my strong will power, or merely referring to my stubbornness.

At last we got to the top of the mountain, and there was the grandest view I'd ever seen. Patty and Flo weren't very enthusiastic, but then, they aren't a bit romantic. I think *that* makes a big difference in the enjoyment one gets out of a thing, don't you?

That mountain path was awfully steep coming down and I was afraid I'd go over the edge all the time on that wobbly old donkey. But the guide assured me that it was mountain-born-and-bred, so of course, I took encouragement if *he* told me it was all right.

We got back to the hotel at two and just in time for luncheon. (The French always eat their luncheon at two.) I was nearly starved, for I hadn't had a bite to eat since breakfast, though neither had the others, for that matter.

Oh, yes! I must not forget to mention the cute waiter we had at the table. He was so awfully polite and accommodating. Aunt Susan was so nervous because we didn't come back at the time she expected us that she worked herself up into a state of excitement and consequently spilled the tea which that poor waiter was trying to give her. Of course she blamed it onto the waiter, but he took it so nicely, poor thing, that I felt genuinely sorry for him, and not a bit sorry for Auntie.

After luncheon we all started out again, including Aunt Susan, who was feeling all right again after her meal. I think it's just awfully dull to try to go sight-seeing with Auntie. She's not one bit romantic, and besides, she flatly refused to go and see an interesting little pass between two mountains, because she would have had to ride a donkey. Now, wasn't that silly of her? We trotted around with her all afternoon to a lot of uninteresting places, like little four-year-olds running after nurse. Aunt Susan has a hobby for collecting souvenirs, so we had to spend a lot of valuable time in the curio shops, while Auntie aired her small knowledge of French, dickering with those little two-for-a-cent merchants.

Nothing happened during the evening except that Pat ran right into that waiter I was telling you about and made him spill six bowls of soup and a plate of crackers. I'd hate to tell you what he said.

Now, please forgive me for writing such an unpardonably long letter, and don't forget to write soon to

Your

PHYLLIS.

NEXT DAY

P. S.—What do you think? We've just discovered that our good-looking guide is none other than John C. Everton, son of Lady Helmston, of London, England, whom I told you about in my last letter. Now, isn't that perfectly romantic? You know Lady Helmston has relatives in New York, and her son told me that he expects to see me back home this winter, as he and his mother are going to spend several months in New York, so you'll get to meet him, too.

Oh, we're going to have some great times yet, dear, don't you worry!

Your loving

PHYL.

MILDRED NUSBAUM, '18.

Alley Ann

A RAGGED little group drew close around Alley Ann and begged for a story. "Which 'un?" asked Alley Ann, with anticipative eyes, for she loved the telling quite as much as her tattered audience did the hearing.

"Jack 'nd Beanstalk!" piped the little fellow who sat nearest Alley Ann, with a crutch laid across his knees.

"Naw, Cindrella!" objected his neighbor eagerly.

"Tell you what!" suggested the newsboy, waving his bag for silence, "I'll tell you what, Alley Ann! Tell us how mistletoe come to mean kissin' and everything."

Alley Ann frowned. Her reputation was at stake. She had never failed her young admirers yet. Quite suddenly her brows cleared.

"All right," she announced. "Gimme some more o' them petals and I'll tell yer."

Somebody spilled a handful of artificial daisy petals in her lap. Somebody else added a few coals to the struggling fire, and they were ready for the tale.

Alley Ann twisted petals on their wire stems for a full minute before she began, firmly:

"Onst, a long time ago, there was a beautiful Princess what lived in a marble castle covered with flowrin' vines. And there was a garden full of lilies as sweet as sweet, with little paths peekin' 'round the lilac bushes an' benches snuggled under trees and fountains spoutin' up—up out o' lions' mouths. And the Princess wore a shiny pale green dress and her yellow hair was braided with sparklin' jewels, but 'portentest of all was her necklace of pearls as white as white. So—one day the Princess was walkin' in her garden and wonderin' why she didn't have no knight errant."

"What would a Princess want of a knight errant?" asked the small boy with 'Messenger' spelled across his cap.

"A knight errant," explained Alley Ann, "is what the grocery boy is to Emmie."

"Aw, go on!" blushed Emmie.

"So the Princess was wonderin' why she didn't have no knight errant and the Garden Boy what was pullin' weeds behind a rose bush, he grinned to himself.

"Well, that very night, when the moon was round and white, the Princess slipped out in the garden and sat down on a bench right next to the garden wall. Before very long she heard somebody walkin' on the other side. And the Princess went "Ahem!" into her 'broidered hankerchief. And the somebody said: "Light of my life, is it you?" And the Princess says, "Yes." And the somebody says, "How cruel that this cold wall should separate us when my heart cries out for you!" And the Princess says, "Oh!"—(More wire, please.) And the somebody says, "I would send you a kiss if I could." And the Princess says, "I know how I can send you one," and she pulled off her necklace of pearls as white as white and kissed each one and threw it over the garden wall.

"So the Princess went slowly back into the castle. An' she never heard of her knight errant again, but in the very place where she threw the pearls there grew a tall green tree, with berries like pearls and that's how mistletoe come to—"

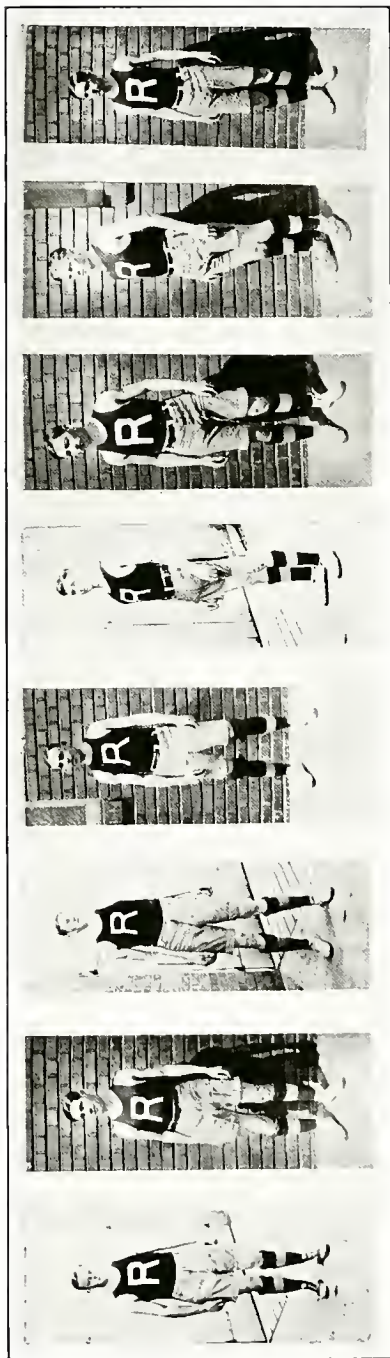
"Supper!" A shrill voice across the tenement hall sent the shabby little crowd scattering. Alley Ann rose and brushed the scraps from her lap.

"Why, Emmie!" she cried. "Why, Emmie, you can't make mistletoe out o' them daisy leaves!"

LOIS KELLY, '14.



ATHLETICS



THORNBURG

BEISSMAN

HART

HOOVER

BALL

JOHANNING

QUIGG

MERANDA

Say, did you see the game last night?
 It surely was a sporty sight;
 Old "Red" threw long ones with a will,
 And Hoover helped the score to fill.
 It was some game!

Sly Crozier watched with eager eyes,
 And tried to take them by surprise;
 Stout Johnny fought with heart and soul,
 And "Bally" never missed a goal.
 It was some game!

(But somehow, I missed Quigg so;
 His accident was sure a blow.)
 I hope that later they will be
 As worthy of our loyalty.
 They play some game!

A. NONNY MUSS.

Basketball

CAPTAIN THORNBURG (Guard)—"Crozz" tells 'em how. Speedy and works hard at all times. Created quite a sensation among the fair co-eds. Honorable Mention on All-State Team.

HART (Guard)—"Red" simply is another "ein." He's there at all times. Although not naturally inclined to be "spoony", in his position at back guard, he embraces all his opponents who venture near his territory.

BEISSMAN (Guard)—"Jawn" is built so that he can withstand the "bumps." A scrappy, never tiring worker. Sometimes inclined to be a trifle "ruff."

BALL (Center)—"Bally" is always on the "jump" and a splendid "shot." He is also very adept at using his elbows—and eyes.

HOOVER (Forward)—Hoover is very fast and a good "shot." Can be relied upon at all times.

MERANDA (Forward)—Warren is steady but very quiet. He is also held in esteem by the members of the squad as being a "true artist" in another sense of the word.

QUIGG (Forward)—"Quiggy" is full of "pep" and science of the game. Was laid out a greater part of the season on account of injuries, but came back strong at the end. Another "artist" of the team.

Once again in the annals of the Richmond High School, she has turned out a Basketball team well worth being proud of. The Basketball team started its season's work with the calling out of candidates by Coach Nohr the last week in September. Illimination brought out our "number one" first team and retained a second squad which proved very valuable.

After several weeks of coaching and strenuous practice, the team opened the season by playing the momentous game in their schedule, the one with the faculty. The members of the team showed themselves more magnanimous than their instructors. When the pedagogues failed on one trial, their generous scholars gave them another, to their own disadvantage, as it was afterwards proven. The team came out of the battle with the short end of a 17 to 16 count. Nevertheless, the game was hotly contested and several times during the melee, time was called in order that doctors might render the "First-Aid Treatment" to the short-winded, but determined faculty.

The next game was played against Winchester on the "Y" floor. Richmond totalled 50 points, while Winchester succeeded in getting 11 points. A week later, full of confidence, the team journeyed to Winchester and repeated the victory by a 28 to 17 score. Injuries to a number of the "regulars" lowered the hopes of the team, which resulted in R. H. S. dropping three games to Marion, 30 to 8; Steele, 28 to 18, and Shelbyville, 25 to 10.

Confidence was restored when our team defeated Rushville on their own floor by a 25 to 13 count. Revenge came when R. H. S. took Shelbyville on the "Y" floor, 24 to 10. Then came the Anderson game at Anderson. Score: Richmond, 10; Anderson, 44. Centerville followed with a game in their favor, 26 to 27. Hamilton won at the Coliseum, 38 to 10. Then followed the greatest triumph of the season, Richmond defeating Anderson by a 23 to 24 score. Our team then showed their superiority over Fountain City, 43 to 21; Spiceland Academy, 27 to 12, and Rushville, 18 to 12. Marion, Stivers, and Hamilton again proved too much for Richmond by defeating our team by the scores of 24 to 20, 29 to 15, and 37 to 20, respectively. R. H. S. then journeyed to New Castle and revenged a long standing defeat by a 21 to 34 score. The grand total for the season is: Richmond, 454; Opponents, 477.



Baseball

THE baseball season of 1914 may be considered a great success. A great deal of interest was shown by the school along that line and a creditable record was made.

Although the team was greatly handicapped by having several of last year "R" men ineligible, the squad settled down to hard practice. Herbert Hart, catcher, was chosen captain. The season opened at Richmond by playing New Madison April 17. Our team showed real "class" and defeated them by an 8 to 3 count. The second game was played here against Spiceland Academy. Richmond, playing a game against great odds, but one worthy of credit, went down before their opponents 5 to 4.

The game following was played against Earlham College. As Earlham ranks high among secondary colleges in baseball, Richmond came out of the contest with the short end of a 11 to 2 count. Our team then went to New Paris, and while the "rural youths" succeeded in getting 3 runs, Richmond tallied 11 times. The last game of the season is to be played here with New Paris.

By request of several of the "Faculty Players," little is to be said concerning the Faculty Game, only that the "kids" showed themselves superior to their instructors along the lines of baseball by defeating them 7 to 2.

The result of the baseball season reads: Richmond, 32; Opponents, 24.

"Some Team"

The Richmond High School has some baseball team, and it *did* try hard to get into shape for extra fine ball.

BUT, nevertheless, they certainly did not succeed, for the "P. U." team wiped up the diamond with them in the game played at the play-grounds. I say "P. U." team because this team was made up from students of the high school that had never practiced together. This kind of a team is generally known as a pick-up team.

The captain of the high school team did the twirling for them and after a few innings he went up in the air and the "P. U." team knocked the cover off the ball.

The "P. U." team won by a score of five to three.

L. D. J., '14.



Track

AS THERE was no interclass track meet this year, several smaller meets were held. Richmond sustained a great loss in having Burrell McKee, track captain, declared ineligible. Wilbur Kampe was later chosen captain. After several weeks of strenuous work, a team was chosen to represent the school.

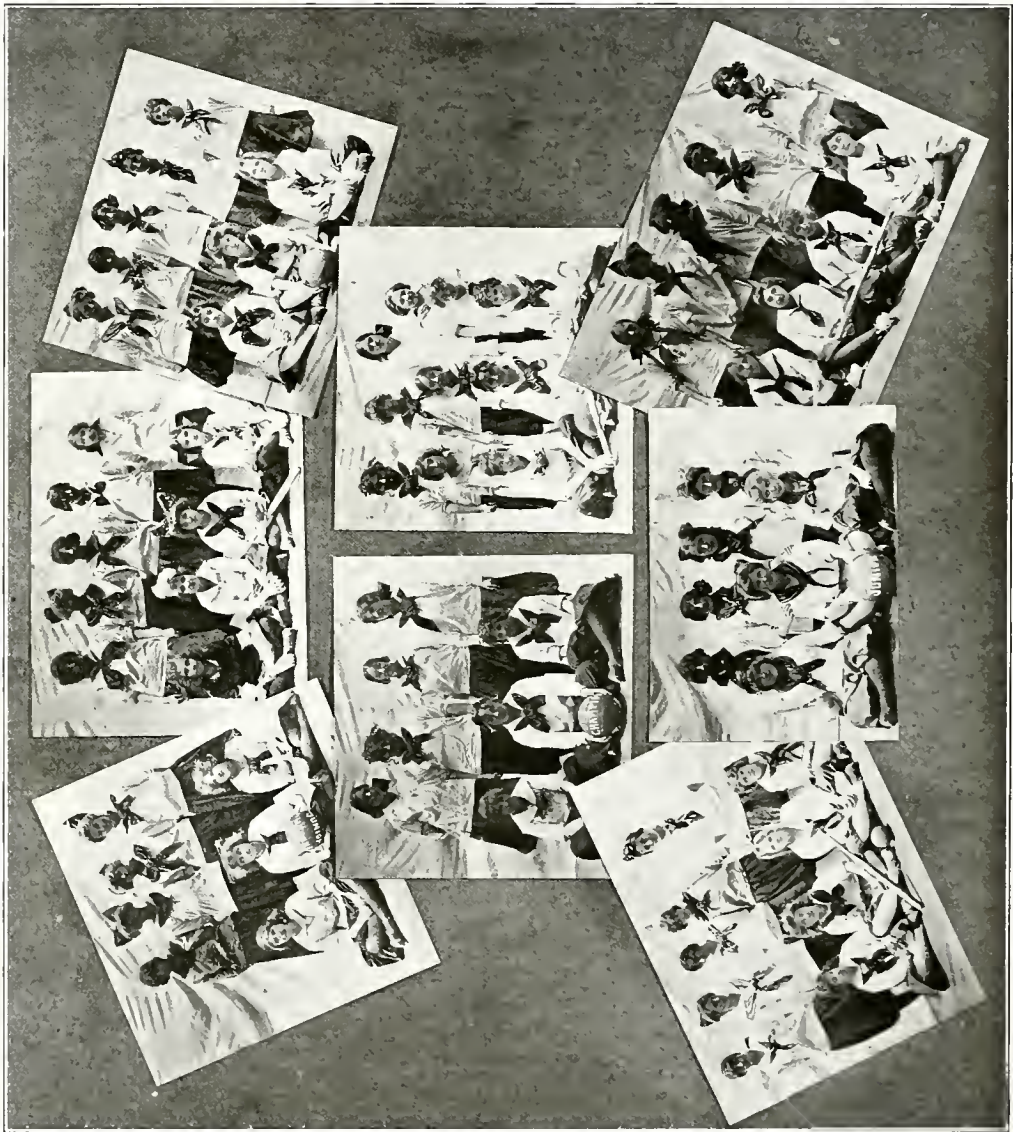
At the "Big Five" track meet held at Anderson this year, Richmond's entries were as follows: 100 yard dash, Brehm, Keelor and J. Meranda; 220 yard dash, Kampe, Pitts and J. Meranda; 440 yard run, Loehr and Kampe; 880 yard run, Bavis, Sampson, Brown, Johanning; 120 yard high hurdles, Brehm and Kampe; 220 yard low hurdles, Kampe and Brehm; shot-put, Kinsella, White and Kinder; discus throw, Kinder and Kinsella; pole vault, Kampe; running broad jump, Keelor, Brehm.

Richmond also expects to send representatives to the Tri-State meet at Cincinnati on Friday, May 29th.

Tennis

TENNIS is perhaps the most popular of all high school sports. The courts at the public playgrounds are always filled in good weather with an impatient waiting-line seated on the terraces. Tournaments are arranged for this year, one among the boys and another among the girls. By the process of illimination, two boys and one girl for mixed doubles will represent the school. Several games are scheduled with other high schools of the state, among them Shortridge, who will play a series of games with Richmond. "R's" are awarded each year for high honors in tennis.

Last year Harry Bockhoff won the boys', and Marie Kauffman the girls' tournament. In the finals, Bockhoff defeated Miss Kauffman. Each received a tennis "R" at the final chapel of this school year.



Basketball

THE girls have shown more interest in Basketball this year than ever before. Class teams were organized in the fall and a schedule of games arranged for the whole year.

At first the teams seemed to be of equal strength, but the "Superiority of Seniors in all things" gradually asserted itself, the Seniors defeating all the other teams. The opponents (especially Shorty) worked so hard to beat the Seniors, but it was useless to try to get the ball past "Beady," that ever reliable center of the Senior team. The energetic Juniors held second place, while the Sophomores and "Freshies" tied for third.

Then came the final series. Two picked teams played one another, then the best of these met the Seniors. It was a lively game from start to finish. The underclassmen played their very best but the Seniors won, even if "Gene" did step over the line three times. The Seniors won the championship and will receive a pennant at the G. A. A. banquet.

After the game, the Basketball girls gave a spread for the boys of the Varsity Squad. Did they have a good time? Well, I guess! Just ask Mr. Nohr if that homemade bread didn't taste good. Even our bashful captain of the Varsity Team had such a good time that he made a speech.

Baseball

BASEBALL was more popular than ever this spring. Class teams were organized and the girls entered into the game with spirit. Of course, we didn't know so much about it, but what we didn't know Miss Comstock could tell us. Because of the short season none of the teams will be declared champions, but at present Seniors and Freshmen tie for honors.

Dancing

AS AESTHETIC dancing is one of the most important phases of physical training, it seemed most fitting that a dance should be one of the features in our physical culture demonstration in the May Festival. Mr. Nohr organized a class of girls and directed the rehearsals. The class was composed of girls interested in such work, being mostly Juniors and Seniors. It took much practicing to get all the steps but we feel the result was worth the effort.



The Wearers of the "R", 1914

Basketball—

1. Herbert Hart
2. Crozier Thornburg
3. John Beissman
4. Wilbur Ball
5. Lawrence Hoover
6. Warren Meranda

Baseball—

1. Herbert Hart
2. Warren Meranda
3. John Beissman
4. Abe Fivel
5. Anthony Hafner
6. Robert Carvey
7. Earl Schneider
8. Eber Williams
9. Charles Greenstreet
10. Harry Bockhoff
11. Christopher Kinsella

Tennis—

1. Harry Bockhoff
2. Marie Kauffman

Girls' Basketball—

1. Marie Kauffman
2. Anna Nicholson
3. Edna Von Pein
4. Isabelle Crabb
5. Genevieve Kamp

A Blessing

THE springtime rain falls gently from the sky,
Wee budding flowers imbibe it with delight;
From treetop comes the robin's springtime cry,

The trees adorn themselves with verdure bright;
The twittering birds that haunt the budding boughs
Sing praises, for they know their Maker's love,
And everything that lives, and thrives and grows,

Shows gratitude to Him who rules above.
The tender grass just sprouting from the ground,
Sweet violets upon their slender stems,

And babbling' brooks that roll with rippling sound,
Are blessed by Nature's raindrops, priceless gems.
Then why should we who have much more than they,

Be sad if God sends us a rainy day?

LEROY BROWN, '15.

Calendar



SEPTEMBER

- 8.—Brain Refining Factory resumed operation.
- 9.—This sign was seen at the Eighth Street entrance, "Keep off the grass. Don't step on the Freshmen."
- 12.—The first chapel of the year, when we gave Mr. Pickell a good view of our "bright and shining (?) faces."
- 15.—Styles certainly are changing when Bob Jackson starts to wear ladies' silver bracelets.
- 18.—The Seniors were insulted by having to mingle with the Freshmen in chapel.

OCTOBER

- 2. A few new books were added to the library. Among the list were: "Her Majesty, Myself", Virginia Wesler; "The Betrothed", Norvella Doddridge.
- 10. Kenneth Toler, in commercial law: "Realty is something that grows on the land—like crops of ice."
- 21. We wonder why all the girls prefer the Eighth Street entrance. Oh, (wh)"Y"?
- 31. "That's it."

NOVEMBER

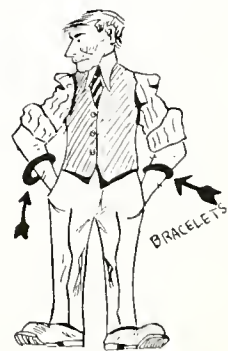
- 3. Isabelle Crabb overheard in the hallway, "Outcast of nature—man."
- 7. Mac Monarch was visible in his lavender socks and tan shoes. Oh, horrors!
- 14. Dorothy Land and Justin McCarthy were seen together today.
- 19. C. Curtis said that he thought girls certainly were "Marvel"ous.
- 27. Everybody was "let out" of school so all could muster up a good appetite for Thanksgiving Day.

DECEMBER

- 6. Bob Carvey in Civics, "The people I knew in Ohio were not at all honest when the assessors came around." Why Bob! Poor associates.
- 10. We wonder why they call John Meranda "Dodo."
- 19. Because of Christmas we had a forced vacation. Everybody left school with a lagging step and armful of books.
- 25. Christmas for the Freshmen was not as cheerful as usual because of the fact that they were disillusioned of the reality of a Santa Claus.

JANUARY

- 1. Resolution—
"Old year out, new year in,
Don't let lessons make you thin."
- 8. Isn't it alarming how much "Kinder" Genevieve Kamp has become lately?



Sept. 15 '14



9. Norvella D.—"I am simple crazy on the clothes line."
19. Frank Bescher, singing in the hall, "Seeing Nellie home, I was seeing Nellie home."
27. Jo Wilson, "Give me 150 pounds of 'Kaufy,' please."
31. The 1914 PIERIAN staff were chosen.

FEBRUARY

12. Lincoln's Birthday address given by Rev. Graham. Hist! I hear an alarm clock on the stage.
14. Shorty Haworth in front of the Art Store window, "Look at that dear little 'Red' Hart."
17. Eugene Quigg certainly does like Elwood. Ask him!
28. This was not leap year; therefore Mr. Thompson was very cheerful all day.
29. Nit.

MARCH

5. "In days of old when knights were bold," two of them had some yellow paint—well, you know the rest.
6. Trouble.
7. More trouble.
12. Most trouble.
17. St. Patrick's Day was made manifest in many ways, but most conspicuously by the very presence of the Freshmen.
26. Potato throwing at the PIERIAN and Cynosure Staff spread.
28. The Pedestrian girls make their debut on the stage by giving "Betty Wales Girls."

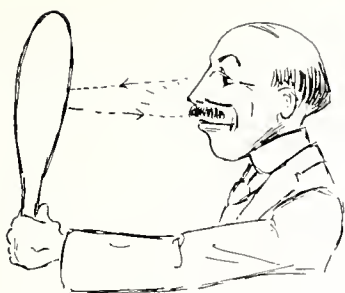
APRIL

2. "April Fool's past and you're the biggest fool at last."
9. Senior spread. After the egg hunt Red became "chicken Hart-ed."
10. Miss Wiltrout favored the student body with a solo entitled "Dream Days."
14. The school was left almost destitute in the morning when the G. A. A. picture was taken.
16. "Cynosure! Cynosure! Get your pennies out."
20. Mr. Whisnand begins to cultivate a "fringe" on his upper lip.
29. Being overcome by modesty (?) Mr. Whisnand has his "fringe" removed. Shame on you, Mr. Whisnand!

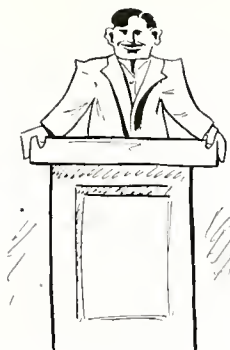
MAY

4. Senior boys made a raid on the girls' pictures left in the PIERIAN office. Mystery: Where are the boys' pictures?
9. Eleanor Seidel, riding with Paul Miller in his automobile, "Are we on this side or the other side of the river?"
19. The PIERIAN went to press and the chief members of the staff, after having burned much midnight oil, were given sleeping powders.
27. Chapel exercises. "R's" were awarded amid much cheering. Everybody felt proud—especially Martha J.





April 20



Feb. 12

JUNE

3. Senior play, "His Excellency the Governor."

CAST:

Sir Montagu Martin, Governor of the Islands.....	Robert Jackson
Rt. Hon. Henry Carlton, M.P.....	Russell Stout
Capt. Stanley, A.D.C.....	Clem Ferguson
Mr. John Baverstock, Private Secretary.....	Herbert Thompson
Maj. Fielding.....	Ernest Davis
Sentry	Marlowe Kluter
Butler	Wilson Smith
Footman	Arlie Rose
Mrs. Merton Sykes-Merton.....	Helen Kenworthy
Ethel Carlton.....	Mary Canby
Stella de Gex.....	Ruth Shera

4. Seniors make debut upon the stage of life. Believe us, some debut!

Our Great H. S.

Could I but sing, I'd sing to thee
 A song in purest melody;
 I'd tell thee of our great H. S.,
 Wherein we go to learn our rules
 And other things dealt out in schools;
 I'd tell to thee how much we know,
 And how we make it a point to show,
 When walking through the halls in twos,
 Telling all the latest news.

Alas! I cannot sing!

Could I but paint, I'd paint for thee
 On a canvas broad for thee to see
 A picture of our great H. S.
 With all its halls where learning's done
 And where we have a lot of fun.
 I'd paint for thee the teachers' looks
 When we come up without our books.
 Could I but paint, I'd paint the colors
 Of R. H. S. above all others.

Alas! I cannot paint!

S. S., '16.

Ancient History

AT LAST after four months of hard work, the long looked for annual was done. The editors, along with their associates and those who made the office of the publication their loafing place, were rejoicing, and while in this mood, they felt they ought to celebrate. A spread was suggested and two boys obligingly offered to procure the necessary articles.

They soon returned with two nice enough looking "articles" from the domestic science exhibit: namely, a pie and a cake. Some one offered a penknife and the pie was divided. For some reason, one bite was sufficient, for after it, no one seemed to care for pie. Some one gathered the remains and stuffed them down the — but that doesn't matter, —it was disposed of.

After this experience, they thought it best to have company before they started in on the cake. There was a meeting of a Junior class committee down the hall,—they would invite them to enjoy (?) the cake. In a few minutes they had six more victims in their midst. After several ineffectual attempts had been made on the cake with the penknife with the only result of two broken blades, they hunted something heavier. They knocked the icing off with a ruler. This scared them somewhat, as it sounded like plaster dropping on the floor and they were afraid someone would hear it, and look in and spoil their fun. When the icing was off they procured a heavy paper-knife and hacked it into eatable sizes, but this was as far as they got, for by this time they were getting distrustful of exhibition cake, although a few heroically tried to down a bite, but without success.

Footsteps were heard, so the remains were hastily concealed in the waste basket and the crumbs brushed under the desks. The footsteps soon died away and they breathed easier.

The party soon broke up with promises of secrecy but to no purpose, for the next day they were summoned to the office, from whence they emerged with downcast faces. A few days later when they received their cards, they found that each one had lost ten in interest.

They have been wondering ever since if Miss Korson knew that the cake was "punk" and took this way of punishing the culprits for finding it out.

The following definition found in Webster's dictionary, seems to be peculiarly fitting here: Cake (noun). Matter concreted, congealed, or molded into a *solid* mass.

CLEM FERGUSON, '14.

Autographs













